

NEW YORK

Illustrated

A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, 2.00
Two copies, one year, 3.00

No. 345.

OLD SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

"It fills my mind with deep concern,"
He said, and rubbed his pate;
"There's such a glist of things to I am,
And Tom's so delicate;
His roots in Greek and Latin yarbs
Make one feel like a fool;
There were no such outlandish yarbs
The days I went to school."
"Our master weren't college bred;
His brains he hadn't worn
By stuffing 'em in his head
Like I stuff pigs with corn.
At readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetics,
He were a famous hand;
And educating by the stick,
Ah! didn't he understand!"
"He licked the fingers into me
Till I grew mighty peart,
And even at the rule of three
I weren't to be skeart.
I was a right cute speller too—
You needn't wink at marm;
One soon forgets the most he knew
A-wrastlin' with a farn."
"I'll bet a cow Tom couldn't bound
Till State of Maine like me;
Nor on a map go sailin' round
The everlastin' sea.
A-pickin' out the capes and bays
As speedy as I can,
Nor tell how many miles there lays
Twixt Jersey and Japan."
"And then when school let out, I vow
We had a royal time!
It makes my old feet twinkle now
To think how they could climb,
And run, and swim like all possessed—
Now, marm, you needn't frown,
The rheumatics has done their best
To make me settle down."
"I recollect the day we played
On Deacon Jones' lot,
When all the cows and horses strayed—
The lickin' that we got!
And, marm, you know I took like fun
My own share and yourn, too;
Them were the days I first begun
A-sneakin' arter you."
"The way I stood that latherin'
Was something to be seen;
Ah! if it could be done ag'in
I wouldn't be so green.
Now, marm, sit still! don't lift your stool
So nervously and bold;
Afore the week is old,
I'll go to school."

BIG GEORGE, The Giant of the Gulch: OR, THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY M-
NER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT AT THE "TEMPLE."

"THEY'S no two ways 'bout that!" positively ob-
served long-legged Cornercracker, admiring the bead
upon his whisker, "and you drove me on to it.
That night—you know I had been drinking, and I
wasn't my real self. I've come here to-night to ask
your pardon—I, that never before humbled myself
before man or God! I ask your pardon, Stella."
"As far as my pardon goes, you have that—stop!"
she added, sharply, as he offered to take her hand.
"For the wrong you did me, I repeat, I forgive you.
But that is all. There are some things one can nev-
er forget—and that insult is one. I hoped never
to meet you again. It can but be unpleasant to us
both. Now go—leave me. If you have the least
spark of manhood about you—go!"
"I don't think you know me yet, Stella," slowly
replied Big George, "or you wouldn't talk like
that. I came here ready and eager to make all the
reparation I could. Don't you drive me to despera-
tion—don't do it, I warn you! It will be the worse
for us both, if you do."
"I care as little for your threats as I do for your
pretended love, George Pepper. The answer I gave
you then, I give you now. I would rather die in a
gutter than live in a palace as your wife—no there!"
"You may come to worse, girl—I warn you—
don't drive me too far! I am trying fair means—
don't drive me to foul!"
"Stand aside and let me pass—!"
As the woman attempted to pass him, Big George
clashed her in his arms, pressing his hot lips to hers,
with a fierce energy, as though losing all control of
himself. Estelle uttered a sharp cry, and struck
him full in the face with her clenched hands, so
hard that blood followed the blow. Stout as he was,
Big George staggered back, releasing her grasp;
but then, with a hoarse, snarling cry, he sprung
toward her, with uplifted fist.
A rapid tread sounded in the passage, the door
opened and a man entered, with an angry cry. There
was a pistol shot, a wild yell of angry pain—then a
heavy fall that shook the building.



Quick as thought the gymnast interposed his own body to save his loved one.

ingly. A crimson shirt of the finest flannel, daintily
embroidered with white silk upon the bosom, loosely
secured at the throat by a silk bandana; trousers
of buck-skin, tucked into high boots. The belt at
his waist, which supported a brace of revolvers
and long knife, was curiously inlaid with gold coins,
from the massive fifty-dollar "sit" down to the tiny
quarter-dollar. His hat, a stiff-brimmed Mexi-
can sombrero, was studded round with curiously-
shaped nuggets of gold, dull and unpolished, just
as the earth had given them up. Under other cir-
cumstances Big George would have blossomed forth
a full-blown dandy.
Their sobriquet will indicate the other brothers
sufficiently for the time being. Pepper-pot, Red and
Black Pepper were slightly modified editions of
his elder brother and leader. Despite their differ-
ent-sized characters, there was a strong family re-
semblance between them, morally as well as physi-
cally. Where Big George led they followed, appar-
ently strangers to fear as they were careless of
consequences, only looking as if they were, instinc-
tively, to him for orders. Little Pepper alone was
known to dispute the will of Big George, as he was
the only one of whom the giant ever deigned to ask
advice.
This much by way of preface:
"The gal is thar—she'll show up to-night, sure!"
said Little Pepper, snatching his lips over his finger.
"They ain't no mistake—you're sure it's the one?"
eagerly uttered Big George, a red glow filling his
eyes.
"Am I a fool? Don't I know B from a bull's
foot?" angrily growled the dwarf. "Next time you
want—"
A loud burst of music came from across the way;
the heavy booming of a bass and sharp rattle of a
snare-drum, mingling with the far from harmonious
notes of brass—and with a roar of delight Little
Pepper waddled toward the door with all the glee of
a country lad at muster-day.
Reddy, the accomplished bartender, gave a snort
of disgust as he found his occupation gone, every
man flocking out to enjoy the harmonious strains,
and from that hour the place had an uncon-
promising enemy in the engineer of the "Mint."
Blue Earth was "doing herself proud" this even-
ing, and turned out on horseback to celebrate the
opening of the first theater north of "the divide." A
little man from Sacramento had prospected the
town, decided that there was money in it, and the
next day broke ground where "The Temple" now
stood in all its glory—of undressed pine, gaudy
banners and blazing transparencies. The glad news
had spread far and wide, until every digger within
a radius of twenty miles had flocked to the spot,
eager to do honor to the opening.
The first to enter, when the wide doors were
opened, was Big George, followed by his brothers.
With a modesty very remarkable in him, the giant
dropped into a seat half-way down the long hall,
settling low in his seat, with hat pulled far down
over his face.
The interior was rude and bare enough. Uncus-
hioned benches sloping down from the entrance to
the orchestra. The floor and walls of rough pine.
Twenty feet from the floor, ranging along each side
of the building, meeting in a semicircle at the front
or end furthest from the stage, were the private
boxes, about six feet by six, hung with gaudy
curtain calico. The drop-curtain was a model of art—
in a Chinese sense of the term.
The scene was not devoid of a certain degree of
interest. The rough-clad diggers ranged in closely-
packed rows, some covered with scarcely dried mud
from their claims, others rigged out in the best of
their savage finery, joined as one voice in a stentor-
ian chorus as the orchestra opened, varied with
numerous calls for drinks and cigars; but when the
bell tinkled and the curtain slowly rose, the clamor
was stilled as if by magic, and five hundred pairs of
eyes were riveted upon the stage, or rather upon the
semi-circle of performers.

The nature of this chronicle demands a close re-
cord of that night's events.
After the opening chorus came threadbare and an-
cient "gags" from the end men, then songs all
of which were received by the diggers with unqual-
ified approval, much stamping of feet and boisterous
laughter. Among the rule chorus rose the deep
voice of Little Pepper, like that of a lion amidst
jackals, but Big George sat without sound or mo-
tion, peering out from beneath his slouched hat
with fixed gaze, a strange fire in his eyes. Then a
sharp quiver ran through his massive frame as the
orchestra played softly, and a low, inexpressible
sweet voice uttered the first notes of "Home, Sweet
Home." La Belle Estelle, the programme announc-
ed; the one upon whose face the eyes of Big George
had been glued ever since the curtain raised. Clad
simply in white, without ornament or jewels, her
soft brown hair falling with careless grace over her
shoulders, she sat with clasped hands, a dreamy
look in her large blue eyes, seemingly forgetful of
all save the tender, sad music that fell from her
lips. Breathless, the miners listened; more than
one hard eye grew thoughtful and dim, and when
the last notes died away, the silence was almost op-
pressive.
Little Pepper broke the charm, and then a wild
burst of applause followed, the orchestra struck up
a lively air, and the far *artiste* responded with an
Irish song, scarcely less successful than the first.
Before the curtain rose again for the olio, Big
George kept the waiters busy responding to his
calls. An unquenchable fire seemed consuming
him, and he poured down glass after glass of whis-
ky with an eagerness that astonished even his bro-
thers.
"Some fellow's goin' to git a benefit to-night,"
shrewdly remarked Poker Dan, to his pard. "Look
at that overgrown cuss—a stowin' away of the
pizen!"
"Ef a yairthquake 'd only open a smaller 'em
up, I'd gladly run the chance o' squeedin' out at
some hole. It's a scan alone shame the way we let
'em ride—hurrah! they're 'bistin' the rag!"
The acts succeeded each other rapidly, the man-
ager knowing that stage-waits would not answer
with such an audience. The usual variety pro-
gramme was carried out; negro acts, song and
dances, vocalists, fancy dancing, etc., all of which
were duly encoored; but the hit of the evening was
when La Belle Estelle reappeared, as a Highland
lassie. Her clear, full voice lacked little of perfec-
tion. Time and again she was recalled. The au-
dience seemed fairly wild. Gold coin and nuggets
were showered upon the stage with reckless profu-
sion, until the girl was forced to cease singing, un-
able to hear her own voice. Then it was that Dandy
Dave capped the climax. He had emptied his pockets,
torn the diamond pin from his bosom, the rings
from his fingers; still he was not satisfied. He saw
the golden shower continue, and then—flung his
heart at the damsel's feet. Not literally, though
the sacrifice could scarcely have been greater. He
wore a shirt of marvelous workmanship—of the
finest blue silk daintily embroidered with white
and crimson silk, the *page d'amour* of an almond-
eyed Mexican, too precious to be worn save upon
state occasions. Hastily removing this, Dandy
Dave sprung lightly to the stage, and kneeling, laid
his treasure at the feet of the astonished song-
stress.
Ye gods! what a cheer arose from near five hun-
dred throats at this heroic sacrifice! The walls
fairly quivered, the music was drowned—then the
curtain swiftly descended.
When next it arose, a fully-formed gymnast ap-
peared, and saluting the audience, nimbly climbed
up to the trapeze which was suspended from the
center of the building, not over the stage.
Big George arose and strode down the narrow
aisle, passing through the side door leading to the
bar-room, where he swallowed another glass of
whisky, though he had already imbibed enough to

perceptibly affect his walk. He saw a narrow door
at the end of a short passage, and his eyes glowed
as he noticed the word above, *Private*. A man was
keeping guard beside it, who looked up inquiringly
as the giant paused before him.
"You can't pass here without an order from the
boss," he said, sharply, as Big George touched the
latch.
Never a word spoke the giant, but his brawny
hand closed upon the doorkeeper's neck, and lifting
him clear of the ground, much as a cat does a kitten,
he flung the astonished fellow half-way across
the bar-room, then opened the door and passed
through.
Old experience aided him here, and with little dif-
ficulty he wound through the passages and made his
way to the files, where he found a portion of the
company watching the performance upon the tra-
peze. But the object of his search was not among
them, though he recognized an old Sacramento ac-
quaintance in one of the women, who returned his
stare greeting with a half-frightened air. Big
George laughed, contemptuously.
"Never you fear, Nell—I don't mean to rake up
the past. You played a dirty trick that night, but
I squared it all on *him*—I don't count girls. Be-
sides, I've got choicer game in my eye—no offense
to you."
"Estelle, I suppose," a little sharply replied Nell.
"I've heard of that little bit of business at Sacra-
mento, though I was on the shelf just then. I wish
you joy of your arguin'!"
"Where is she?" he demanded, overlooking the
quip.
"Dressing for the afterpiece; that comes next.
Or you may find her in the waiting-room—she al-
ways manages to be there when Mack comes in
from the trapeze."
"Who's he?" quickly demanded Big George, the
old fire springing up anew in his eyes.
"Oh! You'd better ask *her*—no doubt she'll be glad
to give you an introduction," laughed Nell, as she
slipped away, adroitly eluding his outstretched
hand.
"I will ask her!" he grated, viciously. "And let
her look to her answer! If there's anything between
them, I'll—Say, pretty," he added, calling to a scen-
tily-dressed nymph, "show me where to find the
greenroom, will you?"
"With pleasure, sir," she replied, visions of
"champagne and trimmings" flashing through her
mind. "You might get lost, alone, little one. Here
we go together—babes in the woods," she laughed,
taking his arm.
"Do you reckon Estelle will be there, yet?" asked
Big George, bluntly.
"So—it's her you're after, is it?" snapped the lit-
tle one, releasing his arm. Follow your nose,
then, and find her the best way you can!"
With an ugly curse at this second rebuff, Big
George pressed along the passage and thrust open
a door, chance guiding him aright. A little cry
met his ear, and he saw the object of his search
spring toward him with outstretched hands, then
pause at rapt, the glad light fading from her face
as she recognized her mistake.
"You didn't expect to meet me here, Estelle,"
said Big George, in a low, not unpleasant voice,
and speaking in a very different style to the rough
idiom he usually affected.
"I do not know you, sir," came the quick reply;
but then the woman started back, an expression of
mingled fear and aversion coming over her face.
One could see now that La Belle Estelle owed lit-
tle of her charms to stage glamour. In a short dress
of white muslin, short sleeves and low neck, her
luxuriant hair held back by a simple knot of rib-
bon, with her fair skin and plump, beautifully
rounded figures, she made up a charming "Gert-
rude" for the afterpiece. But now the soft flush
left her cheek, the glad light faded from her eyes,
and in its stead came a wild, hunted expression,
painful to witness.

"Don't rake up old times, Stella," added Big
George, with a soft, yet earnest pleading. "I hop-
ed you would have forgotten it. I was mad, then,
and acted the fool—but you drove me on to it.
That night—you know I had been drinking, and I
wasn't my real self. I've come here to-night to ask
your pardon—I, that never before humbled myself
before man or God! I ask your pardon, Stella."
"As far as my pardon goes, you have that—stop!"
she added, sharply, as he offered to take her hand.
"For the wrong you did me, I repeat, I forgive you.
But that is all. There are some things one can nev-
er forget—and that insult is one. I hoped never
to meet you again. It can but be unpleasant to us
both. Now go—leave me. If you have the least
spark of manhood about you—go!"
"I don't think you know me yet, Stella," slowly
replied Big George, "or you wouldn't talk like
that. I came here ready and eager to make all the
reparation I could. Don't you drive me to despera-
tion—don't do it, I warn you! It will be the worse
for us both, if you do."
"I care as little for your threats as I do for your
pretended love, George Pepper. The answer I gave
you then, I give you now. I would rather die in a
gutter than live in a palace as your wife—no there!"
"You may come to worse, girl—I warn you—
don't drive me too far! I am trying fair means—
don't drive me to foul!"
"Stand aside and let me pass—!"
As the woman attempted to pass him, Big George
clashed her in his arms, pressing his hot lips to hers,
with a fierce energy, as though losing all control of
himself. Estelle uttered a sharp cry, and struck
him full in the face with her clenched hands, so
hard that blood followed the blow. Stout as he was,
Big George staggered back, releasing her grasp;
but then, with a hoarse, snarling cry, he sprung
toward her, with uplifted fist.
A rapid tread sounded in the passage, the door
opened and a man entered, with an angry cry. There
was a pistol shot, a wild yell of angry pain—then a
heavy fall that shook the building.

CHAPTER II.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

GEORGE MACK, the gymnast, completed his really
meritorious performance upon the trapeze, descend-
ed and stood bowing an acknowledgment of the vo-
ciferous applause as the curtain descended. The
audience settled themselves anew in their positions
as the orchestra began tuning up for the final over-
ture before the curtain should arise for the last
time that night to "The Loan of a Lover's Cloak."
At this moment came the pistol shot, the wild yell
and heavy fall, distinctly audible throughout the
hall.
"Two to one it's that overgrown cuss of a Big
George!" muttered Poker Dan, in the brief, breath-
less pause that followed.
And had the wager been accepted, Poker Dan
would have won.
The young gymnast, as the curtain fell, hastened
toward the greenroom, but was just opposite the
half-opened door of his dressing-room when La
Belle Estelle uttered her angry scream, as Big
George caught her in his arms. With a cat-like
bound the gymnast sprang to where a pistol held
hung close beside the door, and grasping a weapon
he flung open the door of the greenroom. He saw
the giant about to spring upon the woman, with el-
evated fist, and thrusting forward the pistol, he
fired. With an angry yell and curse of pain, Big
George whirled half way around, falling heavily to
the floor.
In an instant Estelle was in the gymnast's arms,
sobbing upon his broad breast, while he, with ready
weapon, closely watched the twisting wretch upon
the blood-stained floor.
"What the devil who's raising a rumpus in
here?" cried Ben Coffee, the manager and prop-
rietor, as he burst into the room with drawn revolv-
er, at the head of half a dozen actors, who, like
him, had been attracted by the sound of firearms.
"You—George! what—oh! mother of Moses!"
"It was almost with a groan that the whole family of
manager recognized the prostrate figure, now lying
still and motionless in a puddle of blood.
"Big George! what—oh! mother of Moses!"
"I did it to save her," quickly interposed the
gymnast. The big brute was just going to strike
her in the face. Look at him—the devil would have
killed her, sure, if I hadn't called him."
"If 'twas only anybody else, I wouldn't care,"
and Coffee wiped his forehead. "Listen! they've
heard it out yonder—there's the devil to cook and
no pitch hot, now! Clear the women off quick—and
you, Mack, make yourself scarce. You've stirred
up a nest of wildcats this night that'll follow you to
kingdom come if they ever strike your trail."
"Go to your room, Stella—quick; fasten your
door—go!" said Coffee, turning to Coffee, he
said: "I only did my duty, and I'll run no
man for that. The coward deserved all he got—"
"That don't make it any easier—listen! They'll
tear the house down if we don't do it quick!"
"There's only one way—tell them the truth,"
cried Mack, hastening toward the stage, pistol still
in hand. "Raise the curtain—live!" he ordered
the negro scene-shifter, who promptly obeyed, and
not one moment too soon.
At the first alarm the quick-witted doorkeeper
was arising, and the actors, thus balking the
excited diggers as they sought to rush out, eager to
witness the "muss" or its consequences. Thus far
they had contented themselves with laughing and
jesting, rather enjoying the crush, but making no
effort to break down the barrier. This could not
have lasted long, however, and already angry yells
were arising, oaths and curses taking the place of
jests, when the curtain was swiftly rolled up.
As if by magic the tumult was stilled, and every
eye was turned upon the stage. The young gym-
nast stood there, pale as death, the pistol still
still in his hand. Sharp and clear his voice rang out.
"Gentlemen! I appeal to you, as *men*—as the
children of women! There has been a lady in-
sulted—"
"Who by—give us the name—we'll tar an' feather
the dirty cuss!" were audible amidst a score more
exclamations of similar import.
"I don't know his name. He insulted her—a lady,
pure as the angels above! And then he raised his
hand to strike her in the face—"
Again the young gymnast was interrupted by
curses and yells of execration, mingled with de-
mands that the dastard be turned over to them to
receive a fitting punishment.
"He lies in yonder, gentlemen. I shot him, just
in time to save her—the lady, from—"
"He tells you true, gentlemen!" cried Estelle,
gliding forward, and standing beside the actor. "If
he shot the man, it was to save my life—he is not to
blame—"
"The name—the name!" roared out Little Pepper,
from his perch upon the bench. "Ef 'twas my
brother, he'll ketch—!"
"It was George Pepper."
"But what was he doing with a shiek as a pistol ex-
ploded and the bullet passed between the two, so
closely that it cut a spangle from the gymnast's
shoulder. Little Pepper it was who fired the shot,
and an unerring marksman, the career of the gym-
nast would have ended then and there, only for the
prompt action of a man who stood close behind the
dwarf, and whose heavy hand hurled Little Pepper
down into the press just in time to frustrate though
not prevent his shot.
"Down with the curtain!" yelled the manager,
and his order was promptly obeyed, none too soon.
"They've murdered George!" roared Red Pepper,
plunging forward like a mad bull. "Follow me,
boys! I'll cut a swath through ye! Open up
thar, I say, or I'll cut a swath through ye! Come on,
boys! knife the fust fool cuss as tries to stop your
way! Now then! shoulder to shoulder—woop!"
Brandishing a twelve inch bowie knife, Red Pep-

my cabin, and we will get rid of one man who would betray us."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OUTLAW EXECUTION.

ANTONIO, the Mexican, was a sub-officer under the Hermit Chief, and commanded the stronghold defenses; hence he was willing that Martin should be executed, so as to turn the tide of wrath from himself.

He therefore at once departed to obey the orders of his chief, and left alone the old man, the doomed bandit implored him for mercy, and made a full confession of the facts of the case.

But the old Hermit Chief cruelly laughed in his face, and sneered forth:

"How did he get his arms from this cabin? tell me that, sir, traitor?"

"I know not, chief; I have told you the whole truth."

But in vain the man pleaded, for the Hermit Chief knew no such word as mercy, and the people of the stronghold beginning to assemble, poor Martin ceased his entreaties, and tried to become calm and indifferent to his fate.

Soon all were assembled, a motley group of men, women and children, among whom were Americans, Irish, Mexicans, Germans, negroes and Indians.

With the women were a few miserable-looking whites, some of them captives, perhaps, dragged down to a life of crime, and a few who had followed their evil husbands into outlawry; but the most of the females were Indian squaws.

In high glee, for they revelled in bloodshed, the wild crowd came together, and with eager looks feasted their appetites for the horrible upon the pale, but now calm, face of the doomed guard.

"Antonio, pick out your men, and when I give the signal let that traitor meet his just fate."

"Yes, señor."

The condemned man was then led to one side, and placed with his back toward the cliff, the crowd forming three sides of a hollow square with that promptness and discipline which frequent experience in a like deadly drill had taught them.

"Now, traitor, beg for your life," called out the old Hermit Chief, still comfortably seated in his easy chair.

"I will not give you the pleasure of hearing me beg for the life which I have made a curse to myself," firmly responded the outlaw.

"Ha! he has pluck, then. Antonio, watch my signal."

"Yes, señor."

Erect and defiant stood the condemned man, his eyes gazing as it were far into the past, and his face brave and stern.

Raising his hands, the old chief glanced first at the half dozen riflemen, selected as the executioners, and then upon the victim.

Then with a loud clap his hands came together, and a volley of firearms followed.

Without a moan, or a word, Martin, the outlaw guard, fell dead, just as Ione dashed rapidly up, her horse covered with sweat and foam.

"What means this execution, father?" she said, hastily.

"Why have you returned so soon, Ione?" evasively answered the chief.

"I was chased back by a band of mounted Sioux."

"Ha! how many, girl?"

"About half a hundred."

"No need for us to fear them, but—"

"Father, why has Martin been executed? He was one of the best men in the band."

"So I believed him; but he proved a traitor and aided the prisoners to escape," and the chief told Ione of the occurrence on the outpost, and the death of the other guard.

"Still he might have been innocent," urged the maiden.

"No, he stole the scout's arms from my room."

"What! have you forgotten you made me a present of those weapons?" and Ione's face turned pale.

"By Heaven! you are right, girl. Still, I am confident that the guard was a traitor."

"I do not believe it; the escape of Prairie Pilot was certainly most mysterious; but I do not believe one person in this camp aided him," and Ione entered the cabin, feeling sad at the thought that her having taken the scout's arms to him had caused the execution of a man who was doubtless guiltless of the crime of which he was charged.

Though for years the occupant of an outlaw camp, Ione was not evil at heart, for she hardly knew the enormities committed by the band, and believed rather what the old chief told her, that he and his men were a persecuted set.

Thus believing, and feeling that her father knew best, Ione did all she could for the good of the band, and in her spectral masquerade was wont to spy out the movements of trains and find out the strength of settlements, believing that it was a just war that was waged.

As she grew older she had her misgivings, and would frequently converse with her brother Ralph upon the subject; but he was wont to say:

"We were once far different, Ione, when we were mere children; but I can not remember all the past."

"Our father is kind to us, and he has been driven from civilization—why, I know not, so let us do all we can to cheer him."

"He will not last long, for he is failing, and I fear some crime rests heavy upon him."

"When he is gone we will give up this wild, outlaw life, and together seek a home where we are unknown, and can live in quiet, respected by those around us."

This conversation would cheer Ione, and, somehow, Ralph would feel better after it, for though he was a stern leader, and a dashing, fearless fellow, he had never been cruel, and seemed to shun acts of cruelty.

Of late he had been strangely remiss in leading raids, and his men wondered at the change coming over their youthful leader.

Still, he was a severe disciplinarian, and knew that his lawless band must be ruled with a hand of iron, or they would bring ruin upon themselves, and therefore there was no unbending of his nature toward his followers, who feared him almost as much as they did his grim old father.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 34.)

In the presence of an enemy be on your guard, and while devoutly trusting in God, "keep your powder dry!" The light and power of a just life will shine through the cloud of a slander and dispel it. A habitually-careful conduct will naturally secure the present and provide for the dangers of the future. "The truth is always consistent with everything true; while error is inconsistent, alike with the truth and with itself." Hence, he who acts correctly from day to day need never fear what the future may bring forth.

RUTHLESS.

BY HENRI MONTCALEM.

The soldier bared his strong right arm. "Now, do your worst," cried he; "You've tried your power upon my bride, Tortured my children three; Think you I fear your cursed steel? No! do your worst on me!"

The torturer drew his two-edged knife: His victim fiercely eyed: Then placed the poison on the blade; "Move but a hair," he cried, "And never shall you move again: For death shall be your bride."

The sharp steel pierced the quivering flesh. Then shrieked in agony That soldier brave. His torturer He danced in fiendish glee; Then raised his hand on high—"Now pay Your vaccination fee!"

Under the Surface:

OR,

MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

"AND this very day, Fred, the commission appointed to search the premises for the will must here to begin the work! Oh! Heaven, that such a cloud should so suddenly envelope me!"

Up and down the room Clinton Craig strode nervously and excitedly.

Fred Ashe, calm and quiet, opened not his mouth. He gazed silently, sadly out of the window; but he was not indifferent to his friend, who was suffering such tortures of mind. The young man was thinking; so he preferred to say nothing.

"Oh, Heaven, Fred!" again broke in the young man. "She has turned against me! She whom I so fondly loved. She has heard of my altered fortunes, and, heartless, pitiless, has stolen her heart, and set her face against me."

"And I tell you, Clinton Craig, I thank God for it!" suddenly exclaimed the doctor. "If this woman has, indeed, turned her back on you—and you know not positively that she has—I tell you, my dear fellow, you have made a lucky escape even at the loss of an immense fortune. Nay, let me speak, Clinton. I love you, my friend, and you know it. Minerva Clayton is a deep woman, one of many wiles and schemes, one whose ambition to be wealthy is as unscrupulous as it is unbounded! She loved you, Clinton, for your expected money—as she would love me, or any one else possessing enough of this world's lore to attract her. But, hold!—I will speak! Minerva Clayton's love for you was engendered by old Thompson Floyd's piles of gold and silver—his factories and his mills. Again I say, Heaven be praised if such indeed be the case, that you are rid of her! You are young, Clinton; you are active and vigorous; you are proud and self-reliant; and though unaccustomed to look necessity in the face, yet I doubt me not but that you can easily carve a way for yourself. And, Clinton, should the worst be realized, why, though I am not over-blessed with worldly goods and chattels, yet what I have, I'll share with you."

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed young Craig, seizing the physician's hands in his. His voice was husky with emotion as he continued:

"But, Fred, you inspire me with a noble ambition. I will not be a burden on you. Should necessity come upon me, I will work! I will carve my way, and prove to Minerva Clayton that I am worthy of her!"

"You are more than worthy of her! Take my advice, my dear boy, and let Minerva Clayton pass from your mind."

"Oh! Fred! I cannot yet! I cannot resign her without a struggle. I must see her and talk with her: I must appeal to her and hear from her own lips her rejection of me. Oh! Heaven! I cannot, will not believe it!"

"Appeal to her?" muttered Fred Ashe, almost with a hiss. "Humiliate yourself before her! Never, Clinton, or, by heavens, I'll be ashamed of you!"

"Fred! Fred! you almost craze me. You know not what love is!"

Like lightning Dr. Ashe seized his friend by the wrist, and glared at him with a strange look. But he slowly relaxed his hold as he said, in a low voice, while he laughed a quiet, soft laugh:

"You know me not, my friend! I am under the impression that I, pretty exactly, understand what love is; for—Well, let that pass. You only heed my advice concerning Minerva Clayton, an—"

"I cannot, Fred! I must see her once more. Then, if she, alas! says no! all will be over; and with God's help I'll be myself again!"

"I'll counsel you no further against your will, Clinton. I did not wish to see you humiliated. Perhaps, however, if you can have your own way in this affair it will be best. But what you do, take my advice and do at once."

"This very day, Fred! Stand by me, my friend, in this matter. You alone—"

"Doubt me not, Clinton," interrupted the young physician, earnestly.

For a long time the two young men sat without speaking, each one communing with himself. A half-hour passed thus, when Dr. Ashe turned slowly toward his friend, and, in a low, but distinct voice, said:

"I have been thinking of this matter, Clinton, and I have come to the conclusion that Algonquin Floyd knows something about it; he may know something about his uncle's suicide."

"What mean you, Fred?" asked the other, quickly, the dark shade of a suddenly awakened suspicion passing like lightning over his face.

"I mean simply what my words imply," was the quiet reply.

"No; you do him wrong, Fred. Let justice be done even to him, for his testimony, volunteered before the alderman, released me from an ugly predicament."

"Ay! and himself from the strong grasp of the law, my friend," said the young physician, calmly. "That testimony was intended to cover up the duel, to shield himself. Perhaps the fellow had other motives, too."

Fred Ashe looked grave.

"I shudder at what your words imply, Fred. What Algonquin Floyd knows of my adopted father's will—should he have left one—I can't say; but I am sure he was never in the confidence of his uncle. He seldom had access to the library where the old gentleman kept his papers. I, myself, was present a few days ago when the preliminary search was made; and, what is more, since Algonquin's return to the mansion, a policeman has guarded the door to the library. Algonquin Floyd could not have entered that room."

There was a pause.

The doctor looked perplexed.

"As to Algonquin's knowing aught of the poor old man's sudden death I cannot believe; for on the fatal afternoon when my father went away so mysteriously, never to return, I saw Algonquin hastening down Chestnut street. And that at a late hour."

Still the doctor mused. At length he looked up.

"Yes; you are right, Clint," he said. "Of course that circumstance clears him. May Heaven forgive me for my suspicious against the fellow! They were dark enough!"

Just then a rap sounded on the door; and almost immediately the tall form of Algonquin Floyd flung a shadow into the room. He started slightly as he saw Dr. Ashe, but quickly recovering himself, he bowed and said, stiffly:

"The commission has arrived, Mr. Craig, and, as you are interested, your presence is requested at the search. If Dr. Ashe," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "will not be so good as to accompany me, I would be pleased if he, likewise, would be present."

The physician bowed his acknowledgments, and accompanied the others from the room.

It was difficult to suppose that Algonquin Floyd was interested in the search which was about to take place; for his tone was almost icy in coolness, and there was nothing whatsoever about him to indicate the least excitement.

The library was reached and the search begun. Two policemen accompanied the four gentlemen who had been delegated to examine into the matter. Every drawer was ransacked; every package was overhauled. But no will, and nothing indicating one, was found. There remained only one chance, only one probability of such a paper being brought to light; and that was in the search through the safe. But that secure receptacle was locked, and there ensued a long and fruitless search for the key. Algonquin Floyd quickly suggested that the door be forced. At last it was determined to send for an expert to pick the lock. After some delay one was found; but more than two hours elapsed before the expert succeeded in fitting a key. But at last the heavy door was opened, and the search for the will resumed.

There were hundreds of papers and memoranda to be examined in the safe, and this consumed much time.

At last the search was finished. The safe-door was closed; and the members of the commission, without communicating to any one the result, took their leave.

But on Algonquin Floyd's face shone a bright though transient gleam of satisfaction as he glanced covertly toward young Craig.

As they were about leaving the room, the dark-robed nephew looked up, casually, at his father's portrait. He started.

"How is this, Barton?" he asked, turning to the old servant who stood near. "Where is the cord—the silken cord—that was attached to that frame?"

He glanced sternly at the old man.

"Really, I can't say, sir," replied Barton. "It has been missing for some weeks."

"Missing? How?"

"Why I thought you had taken it away with you, yourself, Mr. Algonquin," said Barton, who was now excessively polite to a probably new master.

"I take it away!—and leave the portrait! Nonsense, Barton! See to it that a thorough search be made for that cord. Valueless though it may be in itself, I tell you it is worth to me more than all the wills in existence!"

So saying, he strode out.

About four o'clock that afternoon, the commission, accompanied by a legal gentleman, returned to the mansion. The gathered silently in the library—Algonquin Floyd and Clinton Craig duly presenting themselves. The lawyer glanced around and arose. After a slight pause, he said, with a glance at the two young men just named:

"I am authorized, gentlemen, to report the result of the search for the will of Thompson Floyd, deceased. It is positively known, and has been verified, that the deceased, during his life-time, stated that he intended willing his property for the most part to Clinton Craig. But, after a diligent and exhaustive search, not only has no will been found to such an effect, but no will of whatsoever nature; and nothing indicating that one has been made. In view of this fact, in view, too, of the fact that Thompson Floyd has left only one living relative, it is not only natural, but absolutely legal, that the property should and must descend to that relative. That relative is Algonquin Floyd; he is the lawful heir to the entire estate left by the deceased. Here is the safe-key, Mr. Floyd, turning to the swarthy-faced nephew; and allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune."

A wild blaze of undisguised triumph glittered in Algonquin Floyd's eyes; but in an instant he controlled his emotion, and bending low to the commission he took the key.

Clinton Craig, crushed almost to the earth for a minute, slowly rallied, and, bowing courteously to the decision, turned and left the room. Once in his own chamber, his feelings for a moment got the better of him, and a wild, angry storm raged in his bosom. But the tempest was momentary. He soon recovered himself. He wrote a brief note and sent it to Dr. Ashe, that gentleman having left the house without a word, as soon as the morning search was over.

Then Clinton Craig wrote another and much longer letter, and taking his hat left the house and posted the missive himself.

About the same time that Clinton was thus engaged Algonquin Floyd was similarly occupied. And he, too, deposited his letter in the penny-post bag.

That evening as Dr. Ashe, quiet, unobtrusive and sympathizing, sat in Clinton Craig's room, watching his friend pack up his personal effects, previous to a speedy removal, a loud rap fell upon the door. In a moment more Algonquin Floyd stood in the room. A frown was on his brow as he bowed curtly.

An angry scowl swept over young Craig's face; but checking himself he arose and bending an inquiring look upon his visitor waited for him to speak.

"Pardon me, if I disturb you for a moment," said Floyd, coldly, his gaze resting unflinchingly upon Clinton Craig's face. "We are not warm friends, Mr. Craig, and have never been so. Perhaps, so far as I am concerned, you can readily infer the reason. This best that we part. Of course you know that the claims you had upon my uncle do not extend to me. This mansion is now mine, and, as I am privileged to select my own company, I scarcely think it more than necessary to suggest to you the propriety of seeking accommodations elsewhere."

The hot blood of anger burnt in Clinton Craig's cheeks, and a stormy reply was upon his lips; but by a strong effort he kept his temper within bounds, as he replied, calmly and with dignity:

"I shall not burden you with my presence, sir. I leave this house within an hour. I ask your indulgence for that length of time."

For a moment a blush of shame mantled the swarthy face of Algonquin Floyd; but it passed away. He bowed and left the room without another word.

It was nine o'clock that night when Clinton Craig, arm in arm with his steadfast friend Dr. Ashe, issued from the Floyd mansion. A furniture wagon was standing before the door; it had already been loaded with young Craig's baggage. Then the young man turned his back on the house, which, for so many years, had been his happy home.

As the friends neared the residence of Dr. Ashe, suddenly a fire-peal rung out on the air. Again and again they came, and every moment the peals rung louder.

Toward the north-eastern section of the city, the sky was aglow with a dull livid light. Higher rung the sounding bells, more ruddy grew the encrimsoned sky; and now the hoarse cries of heroic firemen, and the hollow rumbling of the engines, awoke the stillness of the air.

"Where is the fire?" shouted Dr. Ashe to a fireman who was hurrying by.

"In the Richmond district—old Squire Ray's lumber-yard! And it's as good as gone!"

This was the reply that came back.

"Come! come, Clinton! We are needed there!" cried the doctor. "Come! jump into this carriage, and we'll be off. Poor, poor Alice!"

The two young men hailed the passing carriage, sprang in, and were soon rattling away toward the fire.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRIZE-MONEY.

BUT Algonquin Floyd, sitting late that night in his uncle's library, heeded not the clanging bells. With countless papers spread before him, here and there large bags, heavy and jingling forth a metallic sound, he sat at the table, pencil in hand, jotting down this item and that, calculating this interest bond and that.

From the inside breast-pocket of his coat peeped the butt of a pistol; he felt it necessary to arm himself, to defend his newly-gained wealth. There he sat, counting, jotting, thinking, dreaming wild, limitless, incomprehensible dreams, all the while.

"At last! At last! I've won, I've triumphed!" he exclaimed, throwing himself back in his chair. "Money, almost exhaustless, is subject to my check; men will worship me as a newly-risen god. Algonquin Floyd's name, even now, is sounding richly in every ear, a gorgeous career opens up before me! Ye gods! I sometimes think, now, that I will go mad with my triumph, my victory, my wealth! And beauty shall be mine! That beauty impersonated in the form of—"

A low, gentle rap at the door startled him. He cast a hasty glance at the clock, felt quickly for his pistol, pushed the money-bags behind him, and said, aloud:

"Come in!"

Immediately the door was opened and a short, burly man entered.

"You here, Jem! What the deuce—"

"There, there, Algy, don't get into a perspiration. There is no occasion. Yes, it is I, your old friend, Jem Walton. Come to congratulate you, Algy, my boy, and suggest to you, faintly, now that you can handle the prop—ain't it prop, Algy?—why—I'd just like to touch the spuds, the prize money, you know."

"You are an infernal impudent—"

"Stop, Algy—stop!" said the man, sternly. "I did not come here to be abused, and I didn't sneak in the house, either. I came in from the front door, and though the hour is late, I asked to see you and was shown here. So don't be ugly," and the man, casting his slouch hat on the floor, seated himself, as if he was at home.

It was a terrible frown that wrinkled the dark, swarthy face of Algonquin Floyd; and more than once his right hand moved toward the pistol; but Jem Walton's lynx eyes followed his every motion.

"Come, come, Algy," said the fellow, with an attempt at soothing the other, "if I'd known you were so opposed to seeing me, I would have waited until to-morrow. But I thought, as we were old friends, why, you'd be glad to see me," and he laughed sardonically.

"Well, Jem Walton, what do you want? Out with it, and quick, too!"

"Money, Algonquin Floyd! and I'll have it, too! Is that answer near enough to the point?" returned the man, promptly, with a look of determination and defiance on his face.

"You speak well—boldly, I may say," returned Floyd, trembling just the slightest, not with fear, but with anger. "I'll not bandy words with you. How much money do you want?"

"That's good! How much? All I can get! But, hark you, Algy: your memory is getting bad; I'll refresh it. For my little services, you know, and a quiet tongue, the agreement was that, as soon as you could touch the power, I was to receive two thousand dollars down; one month from that time, two thousand dollars more, and then I was to make myself scarce in these parts. That's the agreement. I'm posted, my friend, and I am here to get my part of the prog. So shell out, for I must be going."

He spoke almost authoritatively; he was certainly in earnest.

It was only for a moment that Algonquin Floyd hesitated.

"I remember the bargain, Jem," he said, a little softer, "and I'll not fly from it. Here is a bag; it contains two thousand dollars. Count it for yourself, and then begone."

"No, you count it, Algy; I'll look on," said the man, keeping a suspicious gaze fixed on the other, and not moving at all.

"Very good, Jem Walton; but you are scary," replied young Floyd, taking the bag.

"As you say, Algy; I'll not contradict you. But please count the money, piece by piece."

The money was counted out. It made two thousand dollars, in large golden pieces. Replacing them in the bag, Algonquin Floyd shoved them toward the man.

"Now, Jem Walton, give me the oath—our receipt."

The light, for an instant, was lowered. When it was raised, Jem Walton, bag in hand, was backing out of the door. Then he turned and hastened down-stairs, and out into the street.

Scarcely had he gone ten steps, before a dark figure emerged from the gloom and joined him.

"Ah! here you are, Jem! I've waited for you, patiently. Have you got the prog?"

"Safe and sound, Moll."

"Then, remember, my hand is on your throat, and I'll have half—"

There was no reply to this, as the two, the man and the woman, hurried away in the gray, thick darkness of the night.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

MODEL GAMES IN SEPTEMBER.

THE following are the most noteworthy model games played during September up to the 25th of that month. We give them in the order of their date:

Sept. 1, Hartford vs. Fall River, at Fall River, Mass.	4 2
" 1, Cricket vs. Boston, at Binghampton, N. Y. (5 innings).	2 2
" 1, Union (of Chadwick's Mills) vs. Paris, at Utica, N. Y. (13 innings).	5 2
" 2, Hudson vs. Nameless, at Brooklyn (11 innings).	4 2
" 2, Resolute vs. Mutual, at Elizabeth, N. J.	3 1
" 2, Orchard vs. Contest, at Brooklyn	5 4
" 2, Electric vs. Western Union, at Boston	3 2
" 2, Brown Stocking vs. Mahoning, at Cleveland, O.	5 4
" 4, Cass vs. Mutual, at Jackson, Michigan (5 innings).	1 0
" 5, Star vs. St. Louis Reds, at Syracuse, N. Y.	1 0
" 6, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10 innings).	4 3
" 7, Amateur vs. Riverside, at Janesville	3 0
" 7, Acme vs. Atlantic, at Clayton, O.	5 0
" 8, Memphis Reds vs. Eckford, at Memphis, Tenn.	5 2
" 8, Mutual vs. Cypress, at Camden, N. J.	5 2
" 9, Indianapolis vs. Junior Reds, of Cincinnati, at Indianapolis, Ind.	2 0
" 10, Atlantic vs. Haymaker, at St. Louis, Mo.	2 0
" 10, Memphis Reds vs. Blues, at Memphis, Tenn.	4 2
" 11, Allegheny vs. Indianapolis, at Allegheny, Pa.	3 0
" 12, St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston	5 2
" 12, Mutual vs. Buckeye, at Ilion, N. Y.	4 2
" 12, Mutual vs. Beverly, at Camden, N. J.	4 1
" 14, Allegheny vs. Erie Browns, at Erie, Pa.	3 2
" 15, Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3 0
" 15, Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn	2 1
" 15, Buckeye vs. Cricket, at Binghampton, N. Y. (10 innings).	4 2
" 15, West End vs. Aetna, at Milwaukee, Mich.	5 3
" 18, St. Louis vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth, N. J.	4 3
" 18, Buckeye vs. Olympic, at Paterson, N. J.	4 4
" 19, Chelsea vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn	3 0
" 19, Allegheny vs. St. Louis, at Pittsburgh, Pa.	4 3
" 20, Star vs. Chicago, at Syracuse, N. Y.	2 0
" 20, Hartford vs. Ithaca, at Ithaca, N. Y. (11 innings).	5 4
" 20, Olympic vs. Buckeye, at Paterson, N. J.	4 4
" 20, Brooklyn vs. New York, at Brooklyn	3 3
" 20, St. Louis Reds vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis, Ind.	3 0
" 21, Mutual vs. Buckeye, at Brooklyn	4 2
" 21, Enterprise vs. Orange, at Orange, N. Y.	4 2
" 21, Hartford vs. Auburn, at Auburn, N. Y.	4 2
" 21, Star vs. Hartford, at Syracuse, N. Y.	1 0
" 22, Olympic vs. Buckeye, at Paterson, N. J.	4 4
" 23, Nameless vs. Orioles, at New York	3 1
" 23, New Haven vs. Yale, at New Haven	1 0
" 24, Stars vs. Hartford, at Syracuse, N. Y. (7 innings).	5 5
" 25, Buckeye vs. Star, at Syracuse, N. Y.	5 5
" 25, Boston vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis, Ind.	2 0

76-1

POOL-SELLING AND BASE-BALL.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:
One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, 3.00
Two copies, one year, 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never include the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A GREAT WORK!

Striking in Power, Unequaled in Novelty, Remarkable in Personality and Enthralling in Story!

THE RED CROSS;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A STORY OF ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

A story of one of the thirty shekels for which Judas Iscariot sold the Savior, and yet a story of to-day.

One of the coins finds its way down through generations to entail on its possessors, in some shape, a curse.

That curse is the Mystery here evolved in a story of intense and weird interest and most strange associations and development.

Only an artist of consummate skill and exalted power could have conceived and wrought out this truly splendid romance.

It will be read with eager attention, and command more notice than anything which has appeared in the popular press for ten years!

We shall follow Mr. Clark's story of adventures in Ceylon, now delighting the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with Old Comes' narratives of his own and comrades' experience and exploits as amateur hunter and sportsman, in the buffalo and antelope ranges of the wild West. Under the guise of

ADRIFF ON THE PRAIRIE,

he gives many an episode of the real life that adventures participate in, out there, and as all is told in his usual agreeable and original style the series of papers will be received with much delight.

Sunshine Papers.

A Word for Girl-Artists.

I WONDER if the young girl readers of the JOURNAL, who delight to pore over its pages, and imagine themselves the heroines of its romances, and wish they lived in as lovely homes, ever think how much they can do toward making their own surroundings beautiful, at the cost of trifling trouble and daily expenditure of a little time. For it is not the price paid in money which constitutes the worth and beauty of our surroundings; and every girl who has fifteen spare minutes a day, and an appreciation of what is pretty and graceful, can become a veritable artist in producing pleasing effects within her room or her home. Not frequently have I seen the sitting-room of a little cottage, or a boarding-house bedroom, occupied by some young lady who toiled through the day to earn her living, more exquisitely charming in the daintiness of its inexpensive ornamentation than the costly appointments of almost palatial salons.

And this taste for ornamentation, this appreciation of what is full of grace and beauty, is what every girl should cultivate. It will enhance her health, her spirits, and her appearance; for nothing so adds to and prolongs a woman's charms as an idealistic and cultivated nature—a soul that can see and respond to every bit of lovely coloring and dainty outline with which it comes in contact, even upon the walls of her home. I have no sympathy with those prosaic, heartless people who go through the world with an air of resenting the beauty with which God has lavishly endowed it, regarding personal adornment as a sin, fancy-work as a waste of time, ornaments and pictures and dainty trimmings as trash! Heaven help the young who are trained under such influences, for most of the glory is quenched from their lives. Let girls have the highest possible education, let them be familiar with all manner of useful work, let them make their lives as practical and purposeful as they may, but never frown on the minutes they spend over dainty, pretty occupations. Such delicate employments are, often, as much of a relaxation and rest, after hours spent in study, or household duties, or care of children, or a day at business, as an hour of sleep, or a walk through a hall of pictures. Go on, young ladies, with your knitting, and crocheting, and embroideries; your tidies, and toilet-sets, and paintings; so long as you are of some still greater use in life, you need not scorn to satisfy the wants of the artistic elements within you by gratifying your fingers and eyes over your pretty ornaments.

But, say the girl-artists who have the very least time and means, how shall we adorn our rooms? First, keep them scrupulously clean, and neat, and filled with pure, sweet air. Then ask some friend who has flowers for a clipping of ivy, lobelia, begonia, or any vine. A slip of ivy planted either in water or mould, in a tiny vase, a glass, or a shell, and set under a picture or the mirror, will grow with very little care; and with some pins, bits of thread, and the expenditure of five minutes' time, once or twice a week, may be trained quite all around the frame, or around the frame-work of a door or window, or about the walls of a room. Then you must have a beautiful, graceful object ever before your eyes. We have seen some

college-boys' rooms that were perfect bowers, with ivies trailing all along the walls and around pictures and windows. A slip of many varieties of flowers will grow and bloom charmingly in a glass of water; while a pot of any drooping foliage is a pleasant thing to look upon, when standing quite by itself on a little table or bracket. A glass or vase, kept full of anything fresh and green, if but a few feathery blades of grass, or a tiny bunch of leaves, is an adornment to a room. And pictures, no matter how small and inexpensive, or how rustically framed, if prettily grouped, are a joy to the eye and food for the wandering thoughts; and every ingenious girl can frame small pictures in numberless ways; with straws and ribbons, with cigar-lighters and wools, with bits of spruce boughs, with fantastic frames of pith, with cones, and rice, and shells, and beans, and simple plates of glass and narrow paper binding that picture-dealers call *passé portait*. A clean towel can be kept over bureau and wash-stand, and dainty toilet articles made from boxes and a bit of Swiss muslin and ribbon.

Another source of adornment that no one should overlook in the summer and fall seasons, may be found in any walk through the fields and woodland, the parks and cemeteries. There are inexhaustible stores of beauty, and facilities for artistic combinations, in ferns, and leaves, and dried grasses, and autumn vines.

Long wreaths of the clematis, cut when the flowers are in bud and stripped of the green leaves, flung over a picture frame, or across a door or window, will soon burst into clusters of fleecy bloom that will remain unchanged through the winter; and clusters and vines of the bright bluish-sweet berries, gathered in November, will outlast a season and enliven ever so desolate a room. A spray of handsome autumn leaves pressed, *en masse*, until thoroughly dry, and then fastened with a pin against the wall, under a picture, or upon the center panel of a door, or upon a white window shade, is as exquisite in grace and color as a painting.

A group of autumn leaves and pressed ferns arranged upon a door, with pins, has proved a charming study to the writer through an entire year; while, with finest wire, the single leaves may be arranged in fairy garlands, and flung from wall to wall, up and down the picture-cords, and all adown the curtains. Vases may be crowded with immortelles, and dry ferns, and leaves, and grasses, until one can imagine themselves surrounded by summer breezes and perfumes; and a little shallow basket filled with moss and planted with the delicate pressed ferns, will keep a wavy bit of woodland in a room all through the wintry weather.

Keep your eyes open to the beauties Mother Nature lavishes freely upon all, and without any outlay of hardly-earned wages every girl-artist among you can transform her home into a dainty picture. And upon those who try test the best wishes of A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

SITTING in my sanctum one bright day in the gladsome, gleesome summer, puzzling my brains—so called by courtesy—for some subject to write upon, the door of the room opened and my little nephew Henry entered, singing the words:

"Ever since the days of Captain Kidd
The Yankee thinks there's money hid—"
and then, looking eagerly up into my eyes, said: "Where do you suppose Captain Kidd hid his treasures?"

I told him that that was a query which had puzzled wiser heads than mine, but that I believed I knew where people could find money and treasures without digging into the earth for them.

This excited Henry's curiosity, and so I will say the same—at least its substance—to my friends, young and old, as I said to him.

There is more time and money wasted in this search for hidden treasure than will ever come back to the searchers. The trouble with it is that we don't search in the right place to find it. We look too far away and never think of home. We imagine the treasure is concealed in some cavern, while all the time it is hidden in ourselves. There is money in us, else why were we endowed with powers to work, to form plans and to carry them out successfully? Each of us has been endowed with some peculiar talent, and it is not meant for us to hide it. Each one's talent is an aid to another's; just as one business is a help to another's business. Were we all blessed with it, it would be a blessing—with the same talent, there would be too much of the same article in the market, so the Almighty has wisely conferred upon us different kinds of talent in order that more harmony may prevail among us.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing imagination is—how it can conjure up images to the poet, the artist and the author that the world will look on and admire? Surely one who has a vivid imagination must be possessed of a treasure that will bring him in the "needful." Yet, were all artists to paint alike, had all poets and authors to express themselves in the same style, and were all people to write alike, paintings would be a drug in the market; we would soon weary of the effusions of the poets and authors. Thus, we have beings endowed with talents, yet of different kinds.

How wrong and wicked it does seem for those who have these talents to hide them from us, never to let the world know of them, never to add their mite to the happiness and sunshine around us. Sometimes a few written words, which we hastily pen, may carry comfort to some sorrowing one, may illumine the dark path of a brother wayfarer and carry a sunbeam of joy to those whose courage was all but gone. I do believe that many a kindly-written word has saved a would-be suicide a crime and taught him to lead a better life and to take more courage and not think to end his troubles by ending his life.

When there are so many avenues open whereby one can gain an honest living without digging and delving into the earth, wouldn't it be better for us to put our shoulder to the wheel and bring forth the treasures that lie within ourselves? Surely the ability to work—whether with the brain or hands—is a treasure, and an almost princely one.

And these same avenues are not closed to the youngsters, either. There is work for them to do. Many a boy has paved his way to a lucrative business by the owning and working a small printing-press. These presses are cheap and useful, and really some of the work done on them are fine specimens of art. Young girls have made much money with the sewing-machine and had more time for other things than they would if the work was done by hand, as in former days.

What if work is hard? Haven't you the satisfaction of knowing that you will be paid for your labor when it is completed? It is hard work to dig in the earth after treasures that Capt. Kidd is supposed to have hidden, and harder still not to find any. Think of how much time has been spent in this manner, that might have been more profitably employed.

How much labor has been wasted that might have been used for a better purpose! We are too apt to pass the treasures by which lie right before us and dig in caverns dark; and, for our pains, bring nothing to light. Live in the light and don't grope in the dark. The treasures God has given us to use are brains and muscles.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

1876.

LAST night while I was lying in deep mathematical thought, seriously trying to find out if ten cows and ten sheep added together make twenty cows or twenty sheep, I lost myself in the profundity of figures, and before I was conscious of it I went to sleep like a little lamb. When I awoke, to my surprise I found I had slept a little longer than I generally want to, and that my alarm said it was 1876, or just one hundred years later. I was really startled at the discovery, and badly troubled because I had promised in the next morning to pay my tailor, and I would not have broken my word for anything with him.

I found the spirit of progress had been very active during my little nap, and many changes had taken place.

No man was obliged to work for a living; he boarded at his neighbor's.

A man could talk four thousand words in a minute, and his wife could go him one or two thousand better.

By a singular pencil fixed upon an orator's tongue his speech was immediately written down as it was uttered just from his tongue; a great saving.

A bona-fide poetry-writer, on the principal of a type-writer, was in the possession of everybody, and rhymes went off by the mile, and the beauty of it was nobody was obliged to read them.

Everybody was a mind-reader, and young men were saved the trouble of waiting two or three years to find out how much their sweet-hearts were thinking of them.

When a man lost his appetite there were shops where he could go and get measured for a ready-made one, equally as good as the old one. Assorted sizes kept constantly on hand.

A perfect system had been invented for getting into the house at night without your wife knowing you had been out at all, and keeping you awake the balance of the night to make all sorts of excuses, good or bad.

People wore ear-trumps so finely adjusted that you could hear just what your neighbors were saying about you—a pleasant pastime.

A bed-bug exterminator had been invented, and in a good many families had almost proved a success.

The old way of sticking shirt-buttons on with mud was abolished, and every shirt would have at least two or three buttons on when they came from the washwoman's.

The accommodating dentist would always pull your aching teeth during your absence downtown.

Your country friends coming to visit you wouldn't bring more than one or two of their neighbors along, with a broken dozen of eggs and a short pound of butter, and they never stayed longer than they wanted to.

Persons who were hung were always brought to afterword, so that a great deal of the inconveniences of hanging were avoided.

The looser men's pants grew the tighter pull-back skirts grew until the pants finally became skirts and the skirts became pants, and that was the fashion of the day.

A new way of paying debts without money had been invented, and no man had a right to dun you with a shot-gun, under pain of death, so a creditor didn't get more invitations to call again than even your best friend, as it is now.

Street-cars were made of Indian rubber so there was always room for one more, and the Mores would remark, and the family had become more numerous than the Smiths.

A man falling from a roof had a perfect right to call out to them to spread a mattress below.

If a man should happen to fall and injure his reputation there were shops handy where he could get it repaired and make it even better than it was before.

Hired-girls always stayed more than a week. You could almost believe what your neighbor said.

They had invented a kind of hash which a good many people could eat, and it didn't look like it had been manufactured at the wig-makers.

You were not obliged to wear goggles unless you wanted to.

A hole in your stocking was not considered a conventional necessity.

When you married you did not have to marry the old lady and old man and the rest of the girls.

A milliner didn't put more money than flowers on a bonnet, and the tailor would make a coat almost in the way you would tell him.

Every man had a cast-iron effigy to which he would set book-agents and life-insurance men talking, and they had been known to last a year without wearing out.

Ladies in church all carried hand-looking-glasses for the purpose of looking at others behind them, and apartments were in every church for the accommodation of worshippers who desired to sleep their sins off.

Nobody needed an education, for every man had a diamond encyclopedia with him for all references, and a man was allowed to tell just as many truths as he could.

After a man died he had the privilege of walking to his own funeral and mourning with the rest.

It really seemed to me to be a delightful state of affairs, and the only thing that marred my pleasure was the terrible fact that I had not had a chance to pay my tailor the next morning after I had gone to sleep away back in 1876. It haunted me.

Some one hammered on my door and waked me up. It had been a dream. I went to the door and found my tailor. He said he had asked me fifty times to settle, but I could only recall forty-eight times, and we raised a dispute, and on this account I wouldn't settle. I pay no man who will tell a deliberate story. Told him I'd be pleased to see him again.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WISDOM is not an entertainment taken up for delights, or to give a taste to our leisure; but it fashions the mind, governs our actions, tells us what we are to do, and what not. It sits at the helm and guides us through all hazards; nay, we cannot be safe without it, for every hour gives us occasion to make use of it. It informs us in all the duties of life, piety to our parents, faith to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in counsel; it gives us peace by fearing nothing, and riches by coveting nothing. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. To know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.

Topics of the Time.

A mathematical genius estimates that the Methodists give forty-three cents a member for foreign missions, the Presbyterians a little more, the Baptists a little less, and the Episcopalians thirty-eight cents.

Color is used as a remedy in an insane asylum in Alexandria, Italy. Dr. Ponza, the physician in charge, says that he puts melancholic lunatics into red rooms, and violent maniacs into blue rooms, the results being astonishingly satisfactory.

The Illinois Second Adventists are looked upon as fanatics. They predicted the end of the world in October, and as soon as there was a fall in the price of coal they commenced to put in their winter's stock of fuel.

Valenciennes lace is the most fashionable, and is used on everything; dresses, hats, underwear, and even on the bows of slippers. In real and imitation it is universally used, and those who have handsome patterns of old Valenciennes have the wherewithal to make a dress or hat very stylish and beautiful, if used tastefully.

The party in the village store believed Mr. Darling when he said that he rigged a two-wheeled truck under a broken-backed sow, so that he could get around as well as before the accident; but their confidence in his word was shaken when he said that her next litter of pigs were born with similar trucks under them.

A Chinese bedstead at the Centennial Exhibition is covered with a canopy which presents panels of embroidered silk of great beauty. In the night the light in the room would show through the transparent back ground, and relieve the representations of Chinese story pictures on the silk. The price of this bedstead is only \$3,000. It is certainly a marvelous piece of work for a "heathen," and we hope some good Christian will buy it only to keep the Chinese out of mischief while making another for our next Centennial.

About an hour before a game of baseball is to come off on the cricket grounds, the members of each club assemble at an appointed rendezvous. The captain arrives, calls the roll, discovers all the players are present, and asks: "Secretary, did you order a gallon of ammonia and some splints and plaster?" "I did," is the reply. "Treasurer, have you arranged with an undertaker to hold him in readiness?" "I have," "Pitcher, did you secure a burial lot in Elmwood?" "I did." Then let us march to the grounds and to a glorious victory or a noble death." And they march.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" Send it to the editor, or to the editor? "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but recovered herself sufficiently to ask, "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the treble, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people." That boy stands a chance for the Presidency, if he lives.

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come in to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window so that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or a table, which kept him some several evenings. After the work was done, he stayed home, instead of spending his leisure at a tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it and each other better than before. The girl grew healthier and happier with her flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.

A correspondent of the Tyrone (Ireland) Constitution states that a young white shark was captured some days since by the crew of a post boat between Boffin Island and the mainland. Notwithstanding its small size (four feet) it was a most dangerous and deadly creature. In dropping upon the stern sheets it seized a female passenger by the leg, inflicting a bad wound. Fortunately the grip had not been firmly taken, and the woman in her fright freed the limb. It was evident there could be no trace now, as the boatman, planning both feet upon the shark's back, held the grip firmly in the left hand, and, using his knife with a will, severed the head and body. During this operation, with native resources, the shark held on by the woman, retaining a mouthful of her petticoats, and only after the body had been tossed overboard were the jaws pried open to free her from the savage death-grip.

It was not many years ago, in 1843. There were not many white men around Green Bay at that time. Five was a crowd and a dozen a convention. There were several at Kaukauna (now called Kaukauna) one day in that year. A blue bird was observed in the dim distance to fly and alight. Colonel Tuljar, of Green Bay, expressed the opinion that he could shoot it. The idea seemed ridiculous, but the colonel picked up a Kentucky rifle about six feet long, and blazed away and the bird fell. An investigation proved that the bird was shot in the head, and the distance was about a mile and a quarter. The colonel was no shot, but this triumph was a mere accident. George W. Laws kept a house at this point, and it was here that the feat had been performed. An Indian chief stood there, and when the result was made known the Indian privately inquired of the colonel how he had aimed. He answered, "Right between the eyes." The Indian stepped up, took off his sole article of dress, and laid it on the counter, exclaiming, "Treat our white man—whiskey!"

The men are not marrying any more abroad than here. A recent writer, speaking of the condition of things matrimonial, in France, says: "The regular established matrimonial agencies, of which there are five in Paris, all genuine, affirm that the market is overstocked at the present moment. As a French girl can scarcely hope to marry without having a portion ready for her husband, the statement is singular enough. One would have thought that the fact had only to be known to attract a considerable number of immigrants of the sterner sex." Whereupon the *Mail Gazette* (London) adds: "Irish gentlemen who are returning every week from the United States in bitter disappointment, might do worse than think of a land where so many of their kinsmen have won fame or wealth, from Sarsfield to MacMahon." Our opinion is, if Irish gentlemen don't care to go to France for wives they can do better by going somewhere else.

A colored man hobbling along with the aid of a crutch, had a policeman in a Western town, and said: "I haven't been in this town long, and I want some advice." "All right," was the reply. "Now, if I was walking along the street and see a fire, what must I do about it?" asked the newly arrived citizen. "Why, you must shout 'Fire!' as loud as you can, to attract attention." "Yes." "And then go to the nearest box and sound the alarm." "I see." "The steamers will promptly respond, and the fire will be put out." "Dat seems sensible and all right," mused the man, "but dere's one more question." "Go ahead." "What salary does they pay me an' when does de cash begin to come in?" The officer made a further explanation, and the man shook his head and responded: "Couldn't do it—couldn't think of it. While I was gwine frew all doze motions I could make two shillings sawing wood. Ize born into dis world on a cash basis. That old darkey will vote de 'hard' ticket dis fall sure."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "A Fool for Luck," "The Scarlet Linnet," "The Parson's Daughter," "Ordered on Deck," "At the Seaside," "The Wailing O," "Tricks of the Trade," "A Message."

Declined: "Beautiful Borgia," "A Single Life," "Hugh Ashton's Wife," "The Parson's Daughter," "Parole d'Honneur," "A Misadventure," "An Obstinate Fellow," "Committing a Felony," "Shepherd's Song," "A Woman."

Miss Everett 2b. A girl is full of age at eighteen but at twenty-one, so you'll have to wait a little longer.

CHAS. L. E. We have no "settled price" for contributions, nor has any other weekly that we know of.

RUPUS RAY. The Mississippi river don't run uphill. Its source (Haska Lake) is over 1700 feet above sea level.

OTHELLO. Have answered your query several times, of late. See last issue of this paper.

ROBT SANFORD. The process is a patent. You can only use it by permission. Address Goodyear Rubber Co., N. Y. city.

DESIGNER. Write to or call upon any dealer in oilcloths for address of factories. There are at least a dozen in this country.

KITTY C. We do not answer inquiries by mail—save in cases of special need. Answered former inquiry—You are rather young, we should think, to serve in the store—Abide by your aunt's judgment in the other matter; as she has served your sisters the doubtless will do as well by you; so don't be impatient.

WILLIE NEWCOMB. The process of tanning skins with the hair on is too long to describe here. The Indian process is the simplest. Tender skin is only "roughened" by exposure and usage. Such skin is usually most beautiful in hue and texture. The breeds of pigs you speak of make a very fine cross. Your letter is very interesting.

SCYNER C. Can't see in what respect you are legally or in honor bound to the party. If no formal engagement or understanding was entered into, then it becomes a question of honor, and, judging by your statement, your honor is not involved in the case at all. To the one who relieved you from embarrassment most is due.

MARSH FLEMING. The "circus business" is a very undesirable calling, we should say. The acrobat's art is only learned by practice under the pupilage of an acrobat. Seventeen is a very good age to begin the practice under a master. Such a person on the level is big for a boy. Circus performers are not long-lived, but quite the contrary, if statistics tell the truth. An acrobat's life is not a "hard" right. We have a good sea story, soon to have a "turn."

LULU M. If your friend regrets her estrangement and is unhappy, welcome her back again, and give her an opportunity to express herself in the old confidential way. She probably will go further to serve you now than ever before, and thus put it in your power to bestow the best service you can give to your next door relative. Thanks for your interest in this department. We strive to answer queries in a manner to make the department useful.

E. E. D. Guelph, Canada, writes: "Will you please tell me which is the right finger on which to put a lady's engagement-ring, counting the small as the first? Counting the small finger as the first, the engagement-ring should be put on the fourth (the finger next the thumb) finger of the lady's left hand; or, as we generally express it, the 'first finger' of the left hand." An Old Reader says he is very much attached to a certain young lady, but that she treats him most coolly, avoiding opportunities for allowing him to be with her, and refusing to allow him to see her home from church. She writes to his sister, however, and always mentions him, and has sent him a lock of her hair and pressed flowers. He wishes to know, under these circumstances, what he had best do. We are inclined to think that you are not a very persistent and courageous lover. We would advise you to make a dash for it, and win her, or to let her go. Remember that "faint heart never won fair lady."

EN M. S. asks if we can suggest anything that will promote the growth of the mustache. Ask a good druggist to mix for you olive oil, spirits of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg. Use it very sparingly.

ETHEL writes: "I love a young man very much, and he has asked me to become his wife; but he says that while he loves me very truly, and will be to me a devoted husband, he does not think he can ever care for me in the way that he did for a young lady to whom he was once engaged. Now, as that girl is still living and unmarried, do you think I should or should not accept of him? I love him dearly, but will abide by your decision." The fact that the gentleman is so honest with you, is a proof that he is worthy of your respect; and we should advise you, if you love the gentleman, to accept him and trust to the love he does bear you, and your love for him, to eventually efface all regrets and memories of his earlier love.

MRS. D. J. W. says: "Is there any way in which a lady can ice cakes herself to make them look as if done by a confectioner?" Yes. Use one pound of the best white sugar, and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve lumps. Beat the whites of three eggs a *little* (not stiff) and add to the sugar and water. Put the mixture in a bowl, and place the bowl in a vessel of boiling water, and then beat the sugar thoroughly. First it will become thin and clear, and then it will thicken. When quite thick remove from the fire, and continue beating until cold and thick. Spread with a knife, and it will gladden beautifully, and be hard and smooth enough to wear for a week.

M. V. S. writes: "If I am out with a young lady who is to accompany me to some place of amusement, and upon the way she desires to purchase some little article, of course, we must stop. How low her to pay for them?" She should offer to pay for the purchase, but not insist upon it if the lady decidedly declines.

CORRESPONDENT, Balto, asks: "On which hand should an engagement-ring be placed, and upon which finger?" The engagement-ring is placed upon the first finger of the left hand.

TH. LEXINGTON, asks: "What is meant by 'a disciple of Esculapius'?" If a lady is unwell, we would acquaint with a gentleman, but knows all about him, and that he is a nice young man, do you not think her rule sound? "Esculapius" is the god of medicine, and "a disciple of Esculapius" means a doctor of medicine. We certainly think if the lady has full knowledge of the satisfactoriness of the gentleman, a suitor, she might treat him less cavalierly; but she may, for personal reasons, dislike his company, when she certainly is at liberty to politely refuse his invitations.

CHARITY says: "If a lady and gentleman are out together in company, and the lady refuses to take part in a certain entertainment, and the gentleman refuses also? And if she urges him not to abstain on her account, and it is an entertainment of which he is particularly fond, what should he do?" It would be pleasant if the gentleman, a suitor, a hostess should, likewise, be taken into consideration. If the lady urges him to take part, he may occasionally avail himself of her kind permission.

W. J. S. Me. Your letter is too long to copy. We should judge that you are overtasking your brain in your haste and ambition to gain the first place in your class. Your best course would be to consult a physician, but if you are reluctant to do that, try one month of entire rest. Do not study any, go out of town if possible, and have entire change of air, scenery, and diet. Take moderate exercise, and live in the open air most of the time. Avoid excitement, retire early, and sleep as much as possible. If, at the end of such a month, the dizziness and headaches still continue, and the other symptoms you describe are not removed, consult a good physician, as your case will be far too serious to neglect. If you are better, do not rush into study again too violently.

CHRISTIE, Chicago, asks: "Will you please inform me what a Turkish bath is?" A Turkish bath is a hot air bath followed by shampooing processes. It is taken in this manner: You disrobe completely, wrap yourself in a towel, and enter the bath with hot air, when you sit until perspiration is induced. Sometimes a wet towel is folded upon the brow, and the feet are immersed in a hot foot-bath, and a cold or hot drink is given; but these last items are optional. After passing from this room to a second, or third, each of a higher temperature than the first, you enter a bath-room where an attendant washes you, sponges you, scrubs you, etc., with warm water and

AUTUMN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Adown the rows of corn.

The autumn comes in robes of gold and brown,
The skylark greets her in the early morn,
And sends, from far above, his mellow welcome down.

The corn-rows bend, and bow

Their homages to the queen with voice so sweet,
Ahl! she with wheat-ears bound about her brow,
Hath all things rich and fair about her feet.

Right queenly is her face.

The blood of purple grapes has stained her lips;
Her cheeks like ruddy apples in their grace,
Her glowing eyes put summer sunsets in eclipse.

With free and lavish hand

She scatters wide her wealth to all who need,
And makes glad hearts and homes throughout the land,
And proves, by generous gifts, she is a queen indeed.

She hangs her banners out

Along the woods, in crimson garbment,
While forest leaves drop down, her feet about,
With crisp brown tulle and the sere grass blent.

The nuts drop at her tread,

From the little branches, with a rustling sound,
And squirrels leap from bough to bough overhead,
Right glad to hear their treasures falling to the ground.

The golden-rod, ablaze

Upon the hillside, trembles in the wind,
While honey-bees hum through its yellow plume,
And seek some trace of summer-sweets to find.

The clustering wild grapes turn

Their sweet cheeks to the sun, and woo his kiss;
The apple trees like yellow bonfires burn,
While far-off hills are swathed in amber mist.

The bluebird's song is sad:

Perhaps he thinks of summer gone away,
When all the world was beautiful and glad,
And so his song is one of minor note to-day.

Fruitful heralds death.

The autumn's wondrous beauty soon will fade
Before the chillness of the winter's breath,
And death-dead leaves and snow her grave will soon be made.

Ah me! my heart grows sad

To think that all we love must pass away;
The flowers, the dreams, the hopes that made us glad,
And friends we love, must share the dying year's decay.

Great Adventurers.

DE SOTO.

Discoverer of the Mississippi.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HERNANDO DE SOTO'S experience with Pizarro well qualified him for leading an expedition in quest of other nations to conquer—other dominions to invade with slaughter and ruin. Nor was it difficult, with the vast spoils which he bore home from Peru, to command from the Emperor, Charles V., all necessary authority for his work. We are told by a "Gentleman of Elvros" (Evora A. D. 1557) who was a participant in De Soto's final adventure, that, going to Cuba, when Arias was governor, he had but his sword and target, but for his good qualities was made captain of horse, and by the governor's command went with Pizarro; that by his valor he exceeded all other persons; for which cause, the narrator adds, "besides his part of the treasure of Atabalipa (Atahualpa) he had good share, whereby in time he gathered a hundred and four-score thousand ducats together with 60,000 reals of plate in the rent of the silks of Grenada." And then we are informed that the captain "took steward, usher, pages, a gentleman of the horse, a chamberlain, lackeys and all other officers that the house of a noble may require." From Seville he went to the court, accompanied by several of his Peruvian associates—each of whom brought with them 14,000 or 15,000 ducats, and all of them "costly apparelled."

This was the mode of securing favors at that court; and De Soto, by marrying into the powerful noble family of Bobadilla, succeeded in obtaining what he desired—the governorship of Cuba and Adelantado or President of "Florida"—(now all the southern section of the United States.)

He entered upon his scheme of invading Florida at once. That land, then but little known, had been the grave of many a Spanish adventurer. Ponce de Leon, hearing that it contained the *Fountain of Youth*—to bathe in whose waters was to renew youth, make the old young again, and give the frame unwonted vigor—sought for the fountain, effected a landing at San Augustine, (1512,) was attacked by the natives and driven back to his ships, himself mortally wounded. In 1520 Vasquez de Ayllon visited the shores of Florida, with an other expedition, but was slain and the expedition returned to Cuba. In 1528 Pamfilo de Narvaez landed on the shores of Tampa Bay, penetrated the country, finding neither the fountain, nor gold, nor any but very savage people, and returned to the sea-coast in a most hapless condition.

After such discouragements none but a resolute heart would have attempted the conquest; and De Soto was that heart. Like Cortez and Pizarro, he was the incarnation of personal courage, and, like them, ambitious to become the master of a realm; so he fitted out, with his own great wealth, a fine fleet, and sailed, April 6th, 1538, for Cuba. In his ranks were many noblemen and persons of consideration, lured by his own great reputation and by the hope of glory and gold such as the followers of Cortez and Pizarro had won. Stopping a year at Cuba to fully organize for the invasion and conquest of Florida, he sailed for Tampa Bay and landed there, early in June, 1539.

His force consisted of over 600 carefully selected men, infantry, with 300 cavalry. All were splendidly equipped. With abundance of stores—a herd of swine, to let loose and increase, a large number of bloodhounds—such as Pizarro had used with terrible effect in Peru—the expedition gave promise of great success.

But no such civilization met his eyes as gladdened the rapacious sight of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. The Indians of Florida were warlike and intractable. They already had experienced the nature of Spanish mercy. De Leon, and Narvaez and his confederates, all had practiced shocking cruelties upon them. The father of the reigning chief at Tampa had had his nose cut off, and his mother had been murdered after suffering horrid indignities, in common with other women of her tribe. Profiting by that experience they resisted De Soto's friendly advances. The cavalry, in scouring through the low country around Tampa Bay, secured several prisoners, from whom they ascertained that one of Narvaez' men was yet alive and only about twelve miles away. Part of the Indians were dispatched under a cavalry guard to secure this man, who was found to be Juan Ortiz. His residence of twelve years among the Indians made him perfectly familiar with their language—hence he was a valuable acquisition as interpreter, guide and messenger.

Leaving Tampa the march for the higher country was commenced. Tampa Bay was made a rendezvous for the vessels and a fort erected for permanent occupation. The march led along the coast, a few miles inland, striking from one Indian town to another. Everywhere these towns were found deserted, while occasionally the Indians would be found in hostile force. Conflicts occurred that warned De Soto of the dangerous character of the Floridian savages. Nowhere did he find anything like civilization. The towns were but collections of rude structures, scarcely meriting the names of houses, and the modes of living were primitive and simple enough. This was discouraging to knights bent on gold and glory. The severe march told on man and beast. Being in the hot season all that region was filled with malaria, and fever was rapidly developed.

But visions of a land of gold, pearls and high civilization still danced before them to lure them on. A chief, whom the expedition coerced into friendliness, gave them assurance of great wealth in the country to the west and north; so, after foiling two attempts of the treacherous savages to betray and massacre the whole party, De Soto marched on toward "Apalochen"—as Narvaez had done before him, hoping there to find a city of wealth and savage refinement. A vast swamp—the same in which Narvaez had suffered so dreadfully as to drive him to despair—lay in his path. In its fastnesses everywhere the Indians had gathered, losing no opportunity to shoot down from their covert any straggling Spaniard; but, after two days of exceeding labor, the expedition worked its way through, only to find the red warriors ready on their front to harass their march. The "city" of "Apalochen" was at length reached after crossing the present Suwanee river, but only a deserted Indian town rewarded their search.

De Soto now sought the seashore, nine leagues away, where Narvaez had constructed vessels to reconvey the remnant of his wretched force back to Cuba. From thence he dispatched messengers to Tampa to order up the brigantines. His men began to sicken of their adventure, and urged his return. Florida was not any longer a glorious dream but a savage reality, of which they had had enough, but their leader would not thus abandon his hopes of conquest, and resolved to push far into the country, to the north, to win glory by his discoveries and explorations and to find nations which it would be worth while to conquer.

Inspired by this idea, he sent back his wife, Isabel de Bobadilla, and other ladies of rank, to Cuba, with orders for the brigantines to return, and he would meet them in six months at Tampa Bay. A delusive promise! Six months afterward found him floundering in sad plight, in Northern Alabama and Mississippi, fighting his way into every town and suffering greatly for provisions.

North, east and west they ventured, killing and being killed, often reduced to the extremities of eating their bloodhounds and slain horses. At one place they met a foe worthy even of their prowess. It was at a walled town called Mavila (supposed to have been on the Alabama river, about 100 miles north from Pensacola.) Into this village the Spaniards were permitted peaceably to enter, but were there suddenly attacked, with such fierceness and loss as to be driven beyond the walls, abandoning all their baggage. The Indians, closing the rude gates, proceeded to plunder and destroy this baggage. The Spaniards assailed the place by attacking on four sides at once. De Biedma, the chronicler, says: "We fought from morning until night without a single Indian asking for quarters. When night came only three Indians were found left, guarding the twenty women who had danced before us" (at their reception on the previous day.) "Two of these we killed, and the other, ascending a tree, took a string from his bow and hung himself from one of the limbs. We lost twenty men killed and had two hundred and fifty wounded." De la Vega, another chronicler, reports that above eleven thousand of the Indians were slain! Nearly a month was spent in recovering from this terrible contest, when the Spaniards departed for the north, taking with them, as was usual, all the women for "slaves."

This experience greatly discouraged the men, who wanted to make for the coast and brigantines, but De Soto, too proud to abandon his quest, said no and still depended by the reports of the captured Indians of great nations to the north, he started (in the middle of November) for "Chicaca" (supposed to be the Chickasaw country). After twelve days' most discomfited tramp, in unusually cold weather, he found the country. It was peopled by a brave, fierce tribe who contested the river crossings and harassed the march. The adventurers suffered exceedingly for provisions, and finally, in sheer desperation, took possession of a village and forced the savages to give of their store. This the Indians did and retaliated by setting the village on fire and killing fifty-seven of the horses, as well as thirteen of the Spaniards. This severe usage was not all. Five days later De Soto had a fight, regular battle, with a large body of warriors; but, now being ready, he defeated them and tarried unmolested in their country for two months; after which he marched toward the north-west, to the "Alibamo" country, and there again had to fight. The savages had planted palisades before their village to keep the Spaniard out. This the glory-seekers had to carry by storm and lost seven more men, but found within enough provision to last for ten days. Thus recuperated, they pressed on until the great river Mississippi was reached.

Romantic historians, giving the cue to the artist whose expansive painting of "De Soto discovering the Mississippi" graces the capitol at Washington, portray the joy, the enthusiasm, the proud exaltation of the chivalric host, who, with banners flying and trumpets blaring, and horses splendidly caparisoned, advanced to the banks of the Father of Waters to take possession of it for the emperor of Spain; but, the history stripped of romance is that the forlorn band, half-starved, ragged and anxious, looked upon the great water-course with dismay. They could not ford it. Out on its bosom were numerous canoes filled with the widely-armed Indians, who haunted the invader's footsteps like wolves. Behind were starvation and death. Before them—what? Only the future could tell. To pass that stream was now their most eager wish, hoping that, once over its deep flowing channel they would find what they sought—a refuge in some semi-civilized land where they could rest and recuperate, and from whence they could find their way to New Spain. All hopes of returning to Cuba

by the return march had been abandoned. The only exultation felt at seeing the immense river was that when once it was crossed their troubles might end.

So they set to work to construct boats and flats on which to cross. This occupied nearly a month. Then they ferried over and marched away into what is now Arkansas—finding friendly Indians on the route and plenty of provisions, and at last settled down in one of the villages to stay a month for rest.

To follow the wanderers in their hopeless and now almost aimless quest, is merely to tell the story of weary marches west, hoping to reach the "South Sea," by which to sail to New Spain (Mexico); then to abandon that search and to travel north to an extensive Indian village, where Little Rock now stands; next, to see them wander off to the land of buffalo (among the hills of the White river); thus plunging around bewildered and confounded, until they finally went into winter quarters, and suffered so much from the cold and the snow," says Biedma, "that we thought we all should have perished." There the interpreter Ortiz died. This was well up on the Arkansas river.

In March they dropped down this stream in boats, now having but little else than their persons to carry. They reached and sailed down the Mississippi to a populous province, where the Indians seemed friendly. De Soto tarried there, but sent on some of his men to find the great sea. He proposed to build brigantines in which to try and reach Cuba; but here—the mere shadow of his former self, literally worn out with exposure, suffering and anxiety—he sickened and died, May 21st, 1542.

His death was concealed from the savages, fearing that the fact of the whites being mortal would be fatal to their safety. His body was temporarily buried in the soil near the gate of the inclosure that surrounded the Spanish quarters, but the Indians becoming inquisitive and suspicious, in regard to his non-appearance, the body was taken up at night, its cloak heavily loaded with sand, and then was taken out in a single canoe and dropped overboard, in the middle of the river. The new leader, Moscoso, (named by De Soto to succeed him), represented that his great captain had gone to heaven, to return again after several snows, to lead his people home.

Moscoso, abandoning all hope of reaching the sea, and not knowing where he was, started west to reach Mexico. He wandered off into what is now Central Texas, but in despair returned to the spot where De Soto had died. He sent the winter near where Helena, Arkansas, now is, and there built seven frail round vessels, consuming over six months' laborious work. In these he started down the river, (July 2d, 1543) to find the sea or parish. He was now again haunted by the Indians, who succeeded in cutting off a canoe having twelve Spanish soldiers in it. These, it is supposed, were put to the torture. For fifteen days they sailed to reach the sea—then ran down the coast to Pamlico river—reaching there September 10th. "The inhabitants of Pamlico," says La Vega, "were all touched with pity at beholding this forlorn remnant of the gallant armament of the renowned Hernando De Soto. They were blackened, haggard, shriveled and half-naked, being clad only with the skins of deer, buffalo, bears and other animals, looking more like wild beasts than human beings."

And that was the melancholy end of the expedition which, four years and three months before, had entered upon a search for gold and glory.

Brave Barbara:

FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SCENE, AND A STARTLING REVELATION.
It was a gloomy day in the middle of the month of November. The young earl sat at his favorite window—or, rather, reclined on the couch always placed for him there—looking out, with a savage glare, at the misty landscape which stretched out toward the hills. It was not one of his sunny mornings; his mood was in tune with the weather.

Over his handsome face lay a cloud of discontent, suspicion, anger; while his blood eyes flashed, as if they saw something in the scene without to displease them.

He did not look like a young lover whom six brief weeks would bring to his wedding-day.

Yet, Lady Alice had promised to become his wife on Christmas day. And he loved her, as he had never thought to love a woman. Yet the very passion and fierceness of his love had only brought him a restless wretchedness, which wore on his health more than sorrow and lovelessness had ever done. He suspected—and to one of his morbid feelings to suspect was to be miserable—that Lady Alice did not love him.

Even his dark imagination, however, did not picture half the truth. Poor, gentle little Alice, waxing paler day by day, and pitifully trying to be dutiful and appear fond of him, did, indeed, not love him, as he feared. That her father had exercised a tyrant's cruel authority to make her consent to accept the offered honor of an earl's hand, he did not know; nor how cunningly and persistently his own parent had worked in concert with Lord Ross to bring about the desired engagement. These things he did not see; but in place of these, he had become almost insanely jealous of his cousin Delorme. To his appearance at Dunleath Castle Herbert attributed Lady Alice's frequent fits of abstraction and melancholy—her white cheeks—her shrinking from his lover's approach. Herbert had always been jealous of Delorme, of his splendid health, his fine scholarship, his agreeable social qualities. Many a time, in years gone by, he had said to himself that he would be glad to barter his inheritance for his cousin's.

Now, however, curiously enough—for he generally told her everything—he had made no complaint to his mother of his suspicions that Delorme was undermining him in Alice's regard. The wound was so very sore that he could not bear even her loving hand to touch it. And so the poison rankled and worked upon his physical malady, until his mother saw, with alarm that he was falling instead of improving, an' less fit than ever to marry. She could scarcely wait for Christmas. She counted the days. She regretted that she had not persuaded Alice to set an earlier day. But not one feeling of pity for the unwilling and driven victim—the young girl who knew not where her elders were leading her—made her hesitate in the consummation of her purpose. She would have hurried it if she could.

Meantime she found Delorme useful in many

particulars, as there was considerable business to transact and several journeys to London to be made. Having convinced herself, by sharp observation, that he had no design of interesting Lady Alice in himself, but, on the contrary, was in some deep trouble of his own which made him almost rudely indifferent to her, the countess had graciously begged him to remain with them until after the wedding, and he had promised to do so.

Acute as she was, and ever on guard, the noble lady did not discover the truth with regard to Alice. She thought Alice as indifferent to Delorme as he was to her; for Nature had taught the girl how to guard the sacred secret of her unsought love.

Like the bird that chirps in another direction to draw the intruder from the nest where her little ones lie, so Alice, all untaught and innocent as the bird, yet knew the art to draw attention from her heart's hidden secret that lay trembling in the white nest of her young bosom. She loved Delorme. Ah! how many and how burning were the tears which soaked into her pillow night by night! From the first moment when he had drawn near the countess and herself in the rose-garden, her whole being had gone out to him. She knew that he did not care for her—that it was written in the book of Fate that she must wed the Earl of Dunleath—meek, timid, obedient, it had not, thus far, entered her mind to rebel—to refuse to obey her imperious father, to offend the haughty but kind countess—to do anything, in short, but to submit, and to sacrifice herself to the will of others.

Yet the time was to come when such thoughts would urge themselves upon her.

There had been more than the average number of gloomy days in this month of November. The weather always affected Herbert. This particular morning it oppressed and unnerved him. His mother had chosen, two days before, to visit London, to give some orders about Lady Alice's trousseau, and would not be home for another two days. It was nearly twelve o'clock and Lady Alice had not been near him. His cousin had barely stepped in, after breakfast, to inquire how he had spent the night, and gone immediately out again.

Herbert was torturing himself with imagining that Delorme was with Alice, making love to her—that these two were having a fine time amusing themselves, while he was shut up in this hateful chamber whose luxury could not make it endurable to him, especially in his present mood.

Therefore, the flame of red in his pale cheeks, the glow of suppressed rage in his black eyes. Presently he rung a hand-bell, on a small table at the head of his sofa. Jackson appeared at the first tinkle.

"Where is my cousin Delorme, this morning?"

"I am not certain, your lordship, but I think he is in the library, writing letters, or looking over papers."

"Ah! very much engaged, I dare say. Do you know where the Lady Alice Ross is spending the morning?"

"I do not, your lordship. It is my impression she is in her own room."

"Find out, by her maid, and send her word that I would feel honored by a visit from her, if she is not too seriously engaged otherwise."

"Yes, your lordship," and Jackson, bowing, disappeared.

The earl set his white teeth together, and the nails of his fingers pressed into the palms of his hands.

"I'll wager all the books in it, that she is in the library with Delorme," he muttered to himself. "A delightful opportunity they are having to enjoy each other's society. My cousin has always had the advantage of me. D—n him! I expect he will continue to have to the end. Fate is against me. I feel like cursing myself, since God has cursed me. * * *

"It won't do—I can tell him it will not do for him to interfere between Alice and me! I would choke him to death with my own fingers before I would remain idle and know that those soft arms of hers had been about his neck. He must look out, and not make mischief. Curse her! she's shy enough with me. It's more than I can do to persuade her to a kiss; but I'll warrant me, she has given him a dozen since breakfast."

"Mother, you had no right to go away at this time, leaving them together. It was not kind—it was not wise of you. The library is just under these apartments of mine; I wish I could see through the floor. How long a time she takes to come!"

Thus the sick earl raved on to himself, muttering things even more mad and foolish, working himself up into one of his dangerous tempers. It was, indeed, unwise in the countess to have left him four days to himself before the plan on which her heart was set was consummated. But it had been quite important that she should go to town; and her confidential instructions to Jackson had been many and minute. She had especially cautioned him to keep his master quiet and free from excitement; to administer the most powerful nervines in case of a threatened attack of his malady, and to carefully keep the Lady Alice out of his presence at such times, should they occur.

"Remember, Jackson, that I would not have her see him in one of his spasms for a thousand pounds. Be discreet. You know what is expected of you," were the last words of the countess to the faithful attendant.

As a consequence of this warning Jackson—who had noticed the signs of agitation in his young master, but who did not suspect the source of it, and sought to soothe and quiet him by the ordinary means, and who deemed it very imprudent to introduce the young lady into the room while the earl was so excited—returned in about five minutes with a fictitious message, which he had manufactured to suit the circumstances, saying that Lady Alice was particularly busy with a piece of flower-painting which she hoped to complete by luncheon-time, and begged to be excused until then.

"And, your lordship," went on the servant, presenting a glass containing a powerful composing draught, "her ladyship, the countess, gave orders that you should have this regular, at noon of each day."

The earl reached out his hand, not to take the glass, but to give it a blow which dashed it to the floor and sent its contents flying over the sumptuous carpet in ugly stains.

"If the Lady Alice is too much engaged to come to me I will go to her. My coat, Jackson." He did not wait for assistance, but tore off the furred dressing-gown in which he had been lounging.

"Indeed, my lord, you are not well enough to venture out of your room. I know the physician or her ladyship would not approve. Let me beg of you," pleaded Jackson, trembling in his shoes, for he foresaw the consequences of the earl's indulging his temper, and he remembered the warning he had received. "I shall lose my place if he goes down-stairs in that humor. Something will be sure to happen," he thought to himself, and would fain have withheld the coat, but his master looked at him with a glitter in his eyes which was not to be disregarded.

"Hold your tongue. I shall go down if it pleases me to do so. My coat, this moment. Where shall I find the Lady Alice?"

"I think, my lord, she is in her own room, as I said," lied the servant, who knew she was in the library, but who hoped to mislead his master, and avert a meeting.

"You think nothing of the kind, Jackson. She is in the library with my cousin, and you know it. I am going to surprise them by a visit. Do not you follow me. Stay where you are, and occupy yourself wiping that medicine from the carpet. They will be delighted to find me well enough to be out." The young earl grinned maliciously and his eyes shone like a tiger's.

On a small table of Roman mosaic, in another part of the room, lay a velvet-lined case containing a pair of elegantly-mounted American revolvers. He walked over and put one of these in his inside breast-pocket.

"I may want to go outside and practice shooting, in case I should sometime challenge or be challenged," he remarked, still smiling diabolically. Poor fellow! he had been gentle-tempered and generous once, and was now scarcely more responsible for his fits of rage and his unreasonable actions than a maniac. "What are you following me for, Jackson? Do as you are bid. I want to go down very softly and give my dear cousin a pleasant surprise."

The servant, with a troubled countenance, watched him leave the room. He had had more than one tussle with his master, which had taxed his great and trained strength; but he hardly dared to interfere with him then. However, he stole after him, as soon as he could do so without being detected.

Meantime the two occupants of the library sat there, each busied with his and her own thoughts. The mist had thickened into a steady rain which beat against the three long windows at the end of the large room. The heavy silken draperies had been drawn well back to admit the dull light.

Lady Alice sat near one of these windows before a drawing-stand on which was a very pretty water-color sketch of the lake and mountains on which she had been working since breakfast.

She had come into the library first and arranged her materials, before Delorme Dunleath made his appearance there. Very shy and very modest, she had attempted at once to take flight; but this he would not allow, begging her to go on with her painting, and saying that he should not disturb her, as he only desired to look over and copy a few papers at the request of his aunt.

Thus the two had sat there since ten o'clock. In all that time they had exchanged only three remarks, about the weather and about the visit of the countess to London. Delorme was moody and pre-occupied, not so much with his work as with his own thoughts. The most of the time he was unconscious that Lady Alice was in the room.

But she—ah! she was never for a moment unconscious of him. Very little progress was made on her picture that dull morning. It was the first time—so closely had the countess kept guard—that she had ever been alone with Delorme Dunleath. Her conscience whispered her that she ought to go to her betrothed and exert herself to make the rainy day more agreeable to him; but for once, in the unselfish and innocent heart of the girl, her own pleasure got the better of her sense of duty.

"I shall be with Herbert always," she thought, in excuse, "and with his cousin so little—so little! Only a few brief days at best!" and she bent her fair rose-face over her painting, and let the melancholy joy of being with this man whom she loved, but who loved her not, thrill her very heart of hearts.

Had Delorme looked up suddenly from his writing he might have surprised the secret which Lady Alice would have suffered torture rather than reveal, for her eyes were often fixed on him with a long look, and in their blue depths her love was mirrored as plainly as heaven in a still lake.

But he was not thinking of her and so she might safely look at him, while the rain beat at the long windows and the wild November wind rustled the foliage without, and the blank eyes of marble posts and philosophers stared down at the two, seeing nothing of the tragic leaf of life open before them.

At last, with a low, tremulous sigh, Lady Alice let fall her brush, her fair head drooped, her rose-leaf mouth and her long eyelashes trembled, as she gazed piteously at the cold, absorbed face of Delorme, bent over his writing.

At that moment the heavy curtain which hung before the library door was drawn aside, and Herbert stepped noiselessly in.

Neither of the two occupants of the room perceived him; Delorme wrote calmly on, Lady Alice sighed and watched him.

The great black eyes of the young earl enlarged and glowed like those of a wild animal about to spring on its prey.

With cat-like caution he advanced further into the room.

A wicked smile—the smile of hate, rage and revenge—drew back his pale lips until his white teeth glittered between them. He had passed over half the space between himself and them before his presence was observed. Then Delorme looked up, involuntarily rising to his feet at sight of his cousin's face. Lady Alice gave a faint scream and cowered back in her chair.

"You did not expect to see me," began Herbert, with a strange laugh, coming a few steps nearer; "I was supposed to be a prisoner in that hell to which I am confined so much of my happy life; and therefore it was safe for you to indulge in the pleasure of each other's society. However, though unfortunate, I am not tame enough to submit to some things. You are so modest and so shy, Lady Alice, that you never look at me, your husband-to-be, as you were just now looking at my cousin. As for you, Delorme, you have always been in my way; you were always beating me at games in childhood, at books in college, and now, you would beat me at the game of love. But the 'race is not always to the strong'—Look out for yourself!" almost shrieking this last sentence, quick as a flash from a dark cloud, he drew the revolver from his bosom and fired at Delorme—then, turned as quickly, and leveled the smoking weapon at the breast of the girl to whom he was betrothed.

Lady Alice had time for one thought—since thought is swift—and that was, "Better so, than to live—with him," and she no longer quailed as she faced the sudden death.

At that very second of time, while his finger was on the trigger, but before he could move it to his purpose, the rebel nerves of the epileptic earl refused to do his bidding; the revolver fell to the floor, his eyes rolled in their sockets, foam flew from his ghastly lips and he sank on the carpet to those convulsions, so fearful to look at and so alarming to those who are not accustomed to the sight.

At the same instant Jackson rushed in. He had been listening at the door, but the first discharge of the weapon had been too quick for his interference.

Lady Alice gazed at her prostrate lover, writhing in spasms, with terror, repugnance and wonder. She knew not the meaning of the frightful fit, and thought Herbert to be dying.

Even then her concern for Delorme was greatest; she ran to his side.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she gasped.

Delorme held up his left arm, from the sleeve of which the blood was trickling.

"It is only a flesh-wound, and not in the least dangerous," he answered her, a little pale, but smiling to assure her.

"Are you certain?" she asked, shuddering.

"Positive," he returned, cheerfully.

Then she looked again at Herbert. Jackson had gone for assistance in carrying his young master to his room. The earl lay on the floor, a distressing object for a sensitive girl's observation; all his splendid beauty distorted, and his features horrible to look at, his eyes rolled up, the froth oozing from between his set teeth.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked of Delorme.

"It is only one of his ordinary epileptic attacks," he answered, expecting to quiet her alarm.

"Epileptic?" she echoed, her large eyes opening wider still.

"You know he was subject to them?" Delorme said, uneasily.

"Never! They have purposely deceived me! And papa is willing I should marry that man lying there!"

Then Delorme looked at her pityingly, for the first time perceiving how her elders and advisers had laid a trap for the ensnaring of this poor young creature.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW LOVER AND STRANGE PERIL.

PETER RENSELLAER, the proud old aristocrat, was disconcerted—not to say, vulgarly, dumbfounded—when his nephew announced to him that Barbara had consented to marry him if her father made no objections; and that Barbara herself had fixed the wedding-day for Christmas.

Herman was well enough; but he was not the man to fill the eye of the proud father. Why could not Barbara—naughty, self-willed, untamable as she was—have fixed upon the young broker he had selected for her, if she had made up her mind to forget Delorme? Why, under the heavens, must she take up with this penniless, commonplace cousin?—and why, why must she, so lately at death's door for another, now make such unseemly haste to marry Herman?

"This best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new,"

Barba, you reckless girl," said the old gentleman, seriously; but she was more willful than ever, urging his consent in so vehement and puzzling a way that, in a day or two, he gave in, and submitted to that to which he was far from reconciled.

Herman was miserably happy.

It was not that he felt wretched because Barbara did not love him; he was elated at the certainty of obtaining an heiress, and would willingly have taken her, knowing that she hated him, if he could only have ruled her; but she was the master, and contrived to make his daily life uncomfortable in every way she could invent; and she betrayed great ingenuity in inventing new methods of mortifying and teasing him.

"Wait until you are my wife, Miss, and I'll have my revenge!" was the only consolation Herman had; and this he thought but did not dare to say.

In memory of the betrothal-party she had once given Barbara insisted that this engagement should be kept a profound secret.

She was full of whims and contradictions, ruffling the whole household with a high hand. Aunt Margaret got very nearly out of all patience with her, and threatened to return home. But when she saw how pale and listless the girl was, whenever the necessity for wearing the mask was removed, she pitied her and felt for her deep concern.

"She is ruining her life by this hasty marriage with Herman; she despises him; and she is only doing this to hide how badly she feels over the other affair. I am going to remonstrate with her—seriously. I shall not be put off by any of her queenly airs. She shall listen to me," said the old lady to herself, putting her foot down very hard as she said it.

And she did make naughty Barbara listen to her. They had a long, long talk that very night, and the girl cried, and told her about Mrs. Courtenay's second letter, and how that she was bound Delorme should know she could wed as quickly as he could.

Aunt Margaret did not try to break up this foolish state of feeling by reasoning; she pondered awhile; formed a plan; told part—only a part—of it to Barbara; and the result of all was that Mr. Rensselaer and Herman were startled, next morning at breakfast, by the announcement from the spinster that she and her niece were going to Paris to purchase the bridal finery.

"We have five weeks to do it in," she said; "time enough! and the poor, pale child needs an ocean voyage."

"But it's a very inclement, unsafe season of the year to be on the sea," expostulated the father.

"Our fall gales are over. We shall have settled weather," retorted aunt Margaret.

"But—coming back."

"It is seldom stormy just before Christmas."

"I think you might wait, cousin, and take the journey with me," complained Herman, dreadfully uneasy at anything which took Barbara so far from him—the bright certainty of his marriage seemed fading out into a dream.

Barbara flashed at him a look from the depths of her dark eyes which withered him.

"Do not dictate until you have the right, cousin Herman," was her only reply to his tender suggestion, and he dared make no more positive objection.

It was with a forlorn feeling which he vainly tried to shake off that Herman, the following day at a little past noon, watched the steamer put out into stream and down the bay, which carried off aunt Margaret and Barbara—the latter supplied by her dotting father with letters of credit representing sums large enough to purchase a solid chest full of wedding things of the costliest.

His bride-to-be had graciously given him three fingers to shake at parting! He had a source of uneasiness deeper than the fear of winter gales. He could not forget that Delorme was on the other side of the water. The more he thought of it the less he liked it; but he could not help himself.

Mr. Rensselaer, on the contrary, was not so sorry as he had been at first. The weather promised favorably; and it chanced that Mr. Arthur Granbury, the magnificent millionaire, sailed on the same steamer with Barbara, having been unexpectedly called to France to manipulate a huge scheme for a stock-company in certain new mines in Nevada.

The father, having informed the polite and delighted young financier that his daughter and sister had no male protector on the voyage, saw that Mr. Granbury willingly assumed such charge of them as they would permit.

"Barbara may get over her foolish notion about Herman, after all," thought Peter. "I shall warn my nephew to keep very close about the affair," and he did give orders that nothing should be said about the expected marriage.

On board the ship a similar reticence prevailed. Aunt Margaret informed young Granbury that she had advised her niece to an ocean voyage for her health. He became their devoted attendant. He contrived that the story of Miss Rensselaer's bravery in Central Park should be whispered about; and every passenger and officer on board the ship were ardent admirers of the beautiful young lady—so very young, to have done so grand a thing.

Her short hair, crisping in the cunningest curls about her haughty, elegantly-shaped head, served to illustrate the danger she had run, and the pain she had suffered. She did not like her clipped locks, but others considered them her crown of glory. Her loveliness, her riches, her family name, and her courage, made her a heroine to whom all were eager to do homage.

Arthur Granbury "saw, marked, and inwardly digested." He was very ambitious of social distinction, and here was a young lady who would do infinite honor to such a home as he intended setting up in some aristocratic quarter of the American Paris. He thought her extremely beautiful, and he admired her imperiousness more than anything else about her. Those straight black brows and that indomitable pride which flashed in those glorious eyes were charming to him. He coveted a queen for a bride.

Alas! that pride of Barbara's had already made her do two worse than foolish things—caused her to dismiss the man she loved without a hearing; and to tie herself by a promise to another whom she looked down upon.

But the young broker knew nothing of all this—had not even heard of Miss Rensselaer's engagement, and the manner in which it was broken off. Hour by hour and day by day he became more madly infatuated with her. Barbara did nothing to encourage him; but he was so impetuous that she could not frown down the ardor with which he waited upon her. All she could do was to resolve to herself that he should not be mortified by a refusal of his hand from her—she would prevent his making the offer of it.

It was the eighth afternoon of the voyage, a mild day for so late in November. The sea was as tranquil as in summer. Many of the lady passengers, wrapped in waterproofs and shawls, were on deck, enjoying the cold, fresh, but not freezing air.

Aunt Margaret and Barbara had seats by the railing, and Mr. Granbury, as usual, was devoting himself to them.

The sun would soon sink in his watery bed; there was a rosy glow around the far horizon, and it was reflected on Barbara's sweet, solemn face—solemn, for she had grown thoughtful in viewing the sublimity of sea and sky.

"How lovely she is!" thought Arthur, his eyes fixed on her the more freely that her gaze wandered over the purpling water. "In two days, or three at the most, we shall part. I cannot let her go without speaking to her. I wish that good-aunt of hers would ever leave us a moment alone together! She is kind, but she is a dreadful bore—under the circumstances! And she cannot take a hint. I shall be obliged to speak to her hearing, at last; for declare myself I will, before we two part."

Perhaps Barbara read his purpose, when, on turning her calm gaze from the sunset sea, she met his impassioned eyes, for she blushed; and as he saw the slow, rich color gather on her pale cheeks, he could no longer control himself, but bent and murmured in her ear, too low for the aunt to overhear:

"Miss Rensselaer, I will say it—I love you madly."

"Forbear, I beg of you!" whispered Barbara, in return, the color dying out and leaving her face white and troubled-looking.

At that moment there was evident confusion and excited movement on another part of the deck. People looked that way, idly wondering what it was about, and returned to their books and their chat.

"Nothing can prevent my telling you so, and running my chance," repeated the young gentleman, so excitedly that aunt Margaret, deep in the pages of a novel, looked up and began to observe.

At this crisis the commotion on deck greatly increased; the passengers, as by one impulse, arose to their feet. Every alarm at sea causes a sudden trepidation of heart and an instinctive looking about as for a place of refuge.

Alas! with the treacherous water everywhere about them, what refuge is there from the ship which proves more treacherous still! One hushed instant, and the cry of "Fire!" rings out terribly distinct. "Fire!" Yes; the most dreaded of all horrors is there before them; long tongues of flame creep up about the smoke-stack, and a cloud of hot smoke pours into their faces.

"My God!" murmured Arthur Granbury. "Miss Rensselaer, the ship is on fire!"

"I know it," replied Barbara, reaching out her hand to her aunt. "What shall I do?"

"Remain at this exact spot. I will see how much danger there is. Do not leave this, for I will be sure to come here for you. Meantime, here are two life-preservers; put them on."

"Can you do it for each other?"

"Yes," answered Barbara, beginning to do it for her aunt, who trembled so that she could do nothing for herself.

Granbury darted away. An officer whom he questioned told him that there were still some hopes of extinguishing the fire; but that orders had been given to lower the boats so that they would be ready in case of necessity.

"One thing more," persisted the young banker, as the officer broke away from him. "Have I a chance to get to my state-room?"

"Plenty of chance; if you do not stay too long."

Granbury darted down the stairs and along the passage, stifling with smoke, and showing a red gleam at the far end. He tore into his room, caught at a queer-looking package on the bed, undressed himself in half a minute, and re clothed himself in an odd dress—a patent swimming-suit, or life-preserving garment, which he had been ridiculed for purchasing, and which, indeed, he had little expected to use. He was on deck again inside of three minutes. What a change those three minutes had made for the worse! He had to fight his way through flame to reach the staircase and the deck; and when he got out, the people were gathered at one end, and the hot breath of the fire was already nearly scorching them, while strong men, mad with fear, were pushing aside the ladies and children whom the officers were endeavoring to lower safely into a boat.

Granbury rushed to the spot where he had left the two ladies. They had obeyed him and

remained quiet. Aunt Margaret seemed paralyzed; but Barbara, though white as death with horror, was ready to obey orders. With one sharp glance he saw that their life-preservers were properly adjusted and expanded.

"Come!" he cried, dragging each by a hand. "I will fight a way for you into the boat."

But when he got to the side of the steamer, Barbara sternly declared that her aunt should go first; and the elder lady was safely lowered, and then the cry came out that the boat was nearly swamped and that not another soul must attempt to get into her.

"Good-by, auntie," called out Barbara's thrilling voice, and then Granbury hurried her to the other side of the steamer, where another boat was being lowered. As usual in such cases it reached the water bottomsides up. It was righted, and the frantic people swarmed in until the officers held them back, and Barbara had not been one of the chosen; and the over-freighted boat, in poor order, and leaking, went down not twenty feet from the burning steamer.

And now the hot breath of the eager flames blew in her pale face, and she shrank and clung to her protector's arm, who looked about wildly for the means of saving her; but the fire was now too fierce, playing about the other boats before they could be launched, and men were leaping into the water to escape a more dreadful death, and even the captain gave up all for lost.

Granbury threw half a dozen deck-stools into the water.

"You will have to jump," he said; "I will come after you, and support you. Perhaps we may yet be saved."

"I cannot," murmured Barbara, drawing back.

"Have courage, my darling," urged her companion.

The heat of the flames became intolerable, and she consented for him to lift her to the railing, and leaped into the chilling waves—or rather, was driven, for at that moment a great swirl of flame enveloped them, leaving them no alternative.

When Barbara regained consciousness, after being stunned by the shock of the cold water, she found herself lashed to a stool, which, with the aid of her life-preserver, enabled her to keep her head above water. For a brief time excitement gave her fictitious warmth and strength, while the cheering words of Arthur Granbury, who swam by her side, encouraged her to attempt the struggle for life. But the water was numbing, the sun had set, the prospect was fearful. She dimly saw other poor creatures, like herself, dotting here and there the lurid waves, while the burning ship, now some distance away, cast an awful light over the scene. A boat passed them, but the mate, who had command of it, answered Granbury's appeal, that it would be the death of all to take another person on board.

An half-hour, which seemed an eternity, went by. The ship, far away, appeared like a bright lamp against the darkening horizon. Not a soul remained in sight—all their friends and companions had gone down or drifted away.

"How do you bear it! Are you holding out?" anxiously inquired the man who had so suddenly become Barbara's friend in this dire emergency.

"Oh, I am so cold! Chilled to the very heart. I may as well die at once," chattered the poor girl.

"Alas! if I could warm you in my heart! But, at least, we can die together. I know, now, how much I love you, dearest."

And Barbara's white cheeks, drenched with the bitter words, no longer blushed at these devoted words.

"Shall I pray for you?" she asked. "I will. You have been noble and good to me."

There was a short silence; then the sinking girl spoke again:

"Perhaps you will not die. If you are rescued, tell papa how I love him and bless him. How are you getting on, anyway?"

"If the water were not so cold, I could float for a day—two days, any length of time. This apparatus works admirably. I am not in the least fatigued. Should I become so, I could turn on my back and rest, even sleep. I wish you had the dress instead of it."

"How good—you—Barbara could not finish; the words were frozen on her lips; she was dying from exhaustion.

Granbury, who, all this time, had been partially supporting her with one arm, turned over on his back, and with his free hand felt in a compartment of his dress for a small flask, drew it out, opened it with his teeth, and held it close to the pale lips of the dying girl. She was almost too far gone to swallow, but she made the effort, and the brandy ran like fire along her chilled veins, and revived her wonderfully.

Carefully recorking the bottle and screwing down the metal top, Granbury restored it to its place and buttoned up the pocket.

Yet he was in despair. He knew the relief must be but temporary. Vainly his half-blinded eyes, smarting with brine, looked about over the endless waste. No promise of help could be discerned through the deepening twilight.

He could no longer see the fated steamer. In a few moments, indeed, he thought it had reappeared on the horizon; but he soon found that what he took to be the ship, still blazing, was the rising full moon, coming up large, bright, and calmly glorious, as if no suffering human creatures were watching her with failing eyes.

"If the water were not so cold!" thought Granbury; "it would be a comfort to have the moon all night. But neither of us can endure this long. Miss Rensselaer, for Heaven's sake, speak. Oh, I fear you are past speaking," and, truly, no answer, not even a moan, responded to his appeal.

He was about to try the brandy again when something wonderful happened.

The deathly cold water grew suddenly warm! It bathed their benumbed limbs with a softer, more soothing touch. Barbara, in a minute or two, drew a long, sobbing sigh; in another minute she spoke, very faintly:

"I am not freezing now—I am comfortable. Is it a miracle, Mr. Granbury?"

"Not a miracle, precisely. I have just thought what it is. We are in the Gulf Stream."

"Perhaps, then, we are not so far from English shores?" murmured Barbara.

But, even two or three hundred miles, the real distance from land, were as fatal as thousands to creatures in their frightful situation. Granbury knew it; but he allowed and encouraged Barbara to hope.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

"PLEASE accept a lock of my hair," said a bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl.

"Sir," she replied, "you had better give the whole wig." "Madam," he responded, "you are very biting indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

"LURA."

BY "CRAPE MYRTLE."

Long days and months and years have fled
Since I beheld sweet Lura dead,
And with her presence, from my heart
Saw joy and hope itself depart.
And withered faith lay dying too,
So deep my love was, and so true.

Life wears no longer smiles for me;
My worried heart beats ceaselessly;
One little mound, one granite stone,
Hides all I ever cared to own.
No rosette hues lights up the dawn,
Of each succeeding dreary morn.

See yonder 'neath those whispering firs,
Where silver leaves the south wind stirs;
Beneath their shade and trailing vines,
Where birds tell forth their matin chimes;
And briar-rose bends its fragrant head,
Sleeps my love in her dreamless bed.

Brief as a summer lily's life
Were the breaths she drew in this world of strife,
Like the meek moss-folded bud of day,
Which bursts to bloom, then fades away;
I'd just begun to know her well,
And love her, when the death-blow fell.

Ackerman's Story.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"I BELIEVE the subtle essence of inspiration was inclosed in that bottle of Vieux Macon," said Ackerman, recalling some recollections of his bachelorhood. "You didn't know it then, Brown, but my last V went for that supper at Riley's, after which we two parted. It was my normal condition to be dead-broke in those days, and dunned to death in the bargain. You are welcome to the story, such as it is, and, as the moralists say, may you profit by it."

"You see," he went on, "I had tried a dozen different things and failed, but all at once I saw my course plain before me. As a temperance lecturer! You look astonished, but reflect for one moment and you will wonder as I did that I never had thought of it before. I had all the needful qualifications. I wasn't brilliant; I would never startle an audience by saying a 'new thing that was true, or a true thing that was new,' and I had proved myself good for nothing else on earth. My inspiration came and I acted on it. I had a reporter's pass which took me a hundred miles into Pennsylvania. I gave one lecture and paid expenses; two, and fell fifty dollars short, but was allowed to go upon my way without molestation; three, and this one in a local-option town where a new temperance paper had just been started, and my eloquence, it appears, had its effect upon the proprietor of the latter. Next morning I was astonished by being offered the editorship. I hesitated, I confess; but as it was a fixed salary and no risk to myself, I was inclined to consider the proposition favorably; but it was only when I had sight of the editress—there was one, to be continued jointly with myself—that I decided finally."

"Ah!" breathed Brown, "that was the way. Pretty, of course?" He remembered Ackerman's weakness for a pretty face of old.

"Pretty! Good Lord, no! My size, every inch of it; hard-featured, clay-gray complexion, and ten years older than I am. But the moment I saw her I said to myself: 'That woman will keep the machine running while there is a bit of motive power in it.' And she took my measure, read me through like a book, sir, with one glance, and it made me uncomfortable at first, knowing it. She was a niece of the boss, and he had some old-fashioned idea of not liking a woman at the head of affairs. It was all in his eye, for she just coolly took me under her wing and went on with the management, same as before. We grew to be good friends directly, had an explanation which brought out all she cared to know about me, and would you believe it, she set herself to work to improve my circumstances for me, and did it! Got me not less than four invitations to lecture with big inducements, and in that way I was able to pay my debts; run me down before her uncle, and so raised his opinion of my abilities and brought a raise of salary with it. Is it any wonder that I loved her like a brother after that?"

"Like a sister, you mean, Ackerman."

"I mean what I say, like a brother. There wasn't anything womanish about her. Why, she used to plan out my articles for me, and tell me just how much brandy-and-water to absorb over them. I was on the high road to prosperity all through her, when I saw fit to make an idiot of myself, and came as near wrecking all my chances as a man could not to do it quite. That was through Lettie Levice."

"The dancer? I remember her."

"She came there, with her blue eyes and yellow curls, more like an angel than ever. She sent me to write her up, and I did it artistically, 'poetry of motion,' 'exquisite graces,' and all that, and somehow the old spotyism rose up and overcame me. I saw the hard, gray face of my editress set harder and grayer every day, but she never said a word, and I suppose I wouldn't have minded her if she had. No man ever did take a warning when that bewildering madness was upon him."

"But there was a climax at hand. There was a black-looking individual who was in the habit of glovering upon me while I hung about the lovely Lettie, had taken occasion to be insolent once or twice, in fact, when I gave as good back again, and it ended in a challenge from John Henfy Jones. How the deuce was I to know that Lettie Levice was about to merge herself into Mrs. John Henry Jones, in private life! That was signified, however, and dueling being epidemic there, just then, nothing short of mortal combat would satisfy her incensed fiancé. Failing that, I was to be publicly branded as a villain and a coward, after the most approved fashion. Fancy my sensations. The fellow was a six-foot giant, so I didn't dare refuse to meet him. And to accept the challenge meant to deliberately throw my life away—no great loss to the world perhaps, but a serious one to myself. While I was searching vainly for a loophole of escape, in comes my editress, and gives me one sharp glance square in the eye. 'I've heard about it,' she said, grim as the Sphinx. 'What do you intend to do?' Not having the faintest idea myself, I suppose my answer was hardly straight to the point, but she cut my stammering short by questioning me and getting the whole story. It came to me afterward that she hadn't heard a breath about it, but had been expecting some such result."

"You'll meet him of course," she said. "Have you written your acceptance yet? No. Sit down here and do it then. Don't talk to me about affairs of honor not belonging to this day. Do you want me to think you a coward, Ackerman?"

"When she put it in that way I knew all was up with me. I just set my teeth to keep

back a groan, and did as she ordered. The encounter was arranged to take place at day-break the next morning, and I tell you what, Brown, it's calculated to make a man feel shaky to be convinced that there is only one night between him and eternity. I tried to patch up some sort of a peace-offering in my thoughts, but could think of nothing, except that if I had been guided by the advice she would have given me I need never have been in that fix. I said as much, and she shut me up by charging me shortly to be guided by her now and not make her ashamed of her protégé. If she had advised anything but behaving like a man, I should have taken fire and made a virtue of my natural obstinacy, but, as it was, my courage went down to its lowest ebb. She seemed to see it, and mixed me a hot toddy with her own hands before sending me away for the night. It was in the sanctum and getting late, but she said she had a leader to revise and went to work as coolly as though there would be no thrilling sensation to take its place next day. I tried to imagine how she would look when she should be sitting there alone writing it up, and I'll be hanged if I didn't seem to see a mist coming into her eyes, but I suppose it was the toddy."

"When John Henry Jones made his appearance at the appointed place he found me there, ahead of him, not much visible except the tip of my nose between my cap-front and coat-collar through the morning fog. He had a couple of theatrical gentlemen in attendance, a fortunate circumstance as I had quite neglected the formality of procuring a second, due to the fact that I'd left my arrangements to be made by a woman. The distance was measured and we took our places; it was pistols, and the word was given; both took cool aim, and one of the theatrical gentlemen told me afterward that I never quivered in a single nerve; we fired, and for a wonder of wonders—he was noted as a dead-shot—I did not fall. He expressed himself satisfied, and stepping forward to shake hands said in a voice too low to be heard by either second:

"Such bravery and devotion are not unavailing, madam. You see I know all, but you may trust your secret with me, and believe that I will not renew my quarrel with Mr. Ackerman."

"And the first I ever knew of it was when I found myself sitting bolt upright in my office chair, with the sun streaming in and the clock pointing to eight, and a letter from Lettie Levice which the office-boy brought when he came to open up telling me all about it."

"You see she had slipped an opiate into that toddy and saw me safe and sound asleep before she ever left me, the night before. Then she sent to my lodgings and got my valise with an extra suit packed in it, representing to my landlady that I was called away unexpectedly. And when Lettie Levice went home from the theater, just at midnight, she found her waiting to be made up as no one but an actress could have made her up into a counterfeit presentment of myself. The little dancer never meant any real mischief, and cried fit to break her heart, so she said, at least, over the whole affair; but the editress only snubbed her and made her swear secrecy and go to work. And what with the padding, and a false mustache, and my clothes, the counterfeit might have passed for the real, but Lettie thought her promise better broken than kept, and so no sooner got rid of her visitor than she posted off very penitent to make a confession to her lover, and succeeded in disarming his anger against me. I got all this from Lettie's letter, but not one word from my editress when she put in an appearance at the office at half-past eight sharp."

"I was so grateful, Brown, I leave it to yourself if I could have done anything but what I did do, asked her to take me and protect me for the rest of my natural life."

"I'll do it," she said, "just to save you from some such little fool as that Lettie." And now," concluded Ackerman, "if you'll take a run out to see us, Brown, I'll be happy to make you acquainted with the most sensible woman in the State. By way of proof, she's given me carte blanche to ask all my old cronies, and if you want an inducement, there are five younger sisters, all good, capable girls, who could take as many ordinarily clever chaps in hand and manage 'em with as much credit as you've seen done by me. Always one or two of them staying with us. Come, do."

I am sorry to say that Brown never responded to that cordial invitation, and that he speaks of Ackerman with a shrug and a commiserating smile which the condition of the latter by no means warrants.

Little Volcano,
THE BOY MINER;

OR,
The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.
TO THE DEATH!

ANY person in the slightest degree acquainted with Sheriff Hayes would have seen that he meant business, when he took up Joaquin's trail. There was a cool deliberation in every movement, yet nothing out to waste. He saw that his followers were well mounted, thoroughly armed, with plenty of ammunition, food, water and liquor. He waited until daylight, then placed two Indians—frankly Utes—upon the trail, promising them a barrel of whisky in case they ran the game to earth. The scouts lifted the trail rapidly, though at times the ground was hard and rocky, and they had to proceed more slowly. Still, fast or slow, Hayes would not allow a man to pass his trackers.

"I know we'll find them, this way, even if it takes a year, while, by overrunning the trail, we may get fooled, just as we have twice before."

A few of the more impatient grumbled, but it was done beneath their breath. They could see that Jack Hayes was "rattled;" to most men that knowledge was enough.

The hairs broke loose, but not until the sheriff lay upon the very verge of the abyss. Jack Gabriel sprung over his animal's head to lend his assistance, but he was too late. Without a sound, though he must have felt that death was at his feet, Hayes slipped over the edge, and fell down—like a shot.

His followers could distinctly hear the double *thud* as horse and man struck upon the rocks, far below. Horrified, they peered over the escarpment. Over a hundred feet below lay the two bodies, both close together, apparently dead. One breathless moment, then the entire party hastened ahead or turned back, to reach the body of their leader. Imagine their joyful surprise, on reaching the bottom; Jack Hayes greeted them with a dead—faint, to be sure, but far from what a dead man might be supposed to utter. His escape had been little short of miraculous. The brief struggle upon the ledge, before falling, was what had saved him. Shooting down, feet foremost, he struck fairly upon the animal's carcass. Yet the accident was enough to decide his share in the coming fight. Though no bones were broken, his limbs and muscles were so severely strained that every motion was agony. He did insist upon being aided into the saddle, but ten minutes' work conquered even his iron will.

"That settles it, boys!" he muttered, with a groan, more of intense disappointment than of pain. "It's good-by, Joaquin, for me! I'm clean knocked out. It needn't matter much, though, for the rest of you. You know what we started for. There's Jack Gabriel—he can lead you just as well as I could—you can't elect a better captain. Only remember: there must be only one leader, whoever you choose. What he says must be law. Wherever he goes, you must follow. Promise me this: then the sooner you light out, the better I'll feel."

This proposal was greeted with cheers. Next to Hayes, Arkansas Jack was the most popular leader that could have been found in those parts.

"Ef we do run the devils down," said Jack from Arkansas, earnestly. "Ef we do run 'em down, boss, they'll each one of us fellers put in a lick for you."

Hayes did not reply, but impatiently motioned them on after the trackers, who had not even passed when the sheriff went over the cliff's side. He was left with plenty of food, water and everything he could possibly require. He listened intently until the hoof-strokes died away, then coolly commenced to bathe his bruises with whiskey.

Steadily the Man-hunters pressed on, nor did they make a regular halt until the darkness of night made further trailing impossible. At times through the day, when the trackers were picking out the trail in an unusually rocky or barren spot, the men would dismount and allow their animals to pick a mouthful of grass. By this means, though rarely proceeding faster than a moderate trot, a considerable distance was covered in the day, and when they went into camp, that night, they were not ten miles from the valley in which the outlaws had sought refuge, though they, of course, were ignorant of the fact.

With the first gleam of day—a day that stands prominent in the blood-stained annals of the Golden State—the Man-hunters took the trail again. The events which are to be recorded are matters of history. Though the details may not be pleasant, they are given a place here because from that day began *Joaquin Murieta's last ride*.

The sun was an hour high when the keen eyes of Arkansas Jack caught sight of a small party of horsemen, some distance ahead of them. Their trappings were plainly those of Mexicans or native Californians. This, added to their precipitate flight, convinced the Man-hunters that a portion of their game at least was afoot.

All thoughts of tracking was now at an end. With wild yells of triumph, the men, led by Gabriel, spurred forward in hot pursuit. The chase was a thrilling one, over rocks and crevices, along abysses, now crossing deep chasms in breakneck leaps—in two instances fatal ones. One outlaw and one miner found a grave hundreds of feet down below; but the chase swept on without a pause or thought of the dead.

Under any other circumstances, Arkansas Jack would scarcely have run into the trap he did, but with the fugitives little more than a rifle-shot ahead, their animals losing ground inch by inch, not one among the pursuers suspected the truth—that they were being decoyed into a cunningly contrived ambush; yet such was the case.

Knowing that he would assuredly be pursued, Joaquin determined to strike a blow that would not soon be forgotten. He placed look-outs upon the surrounding peaks; he sent out small parties of scouts, with instructions to lure the enemy into the trap, at all risks. His orders were obeyed. His sentinels saw the chase, and, only waiting to make sure that it was leading in the right direction, hastened down to take their share of the fight.

From that direction the valley (called Arroyo Cantura) could be entered only by one trail. A narrow defile led through the high, precipitous hills. Twenty feet above the level began a series of ledges, thick strewn with boulders and ragged fragments of rocks; affording the best of cover for an army, if needed. Here had Joaquin placed his men, in four bodies—two for each hill—some fifty yards apart.

Through this defile spurred the decoy, not one hundred yards ahead of the Man-hunters. On—on, until fairly within the jaws of death. Then Arkansas Jack, who led, caught sight of a few tents in the valley beyond, and divining the truth, as by instinct, abruptly halted. But his warning cry was blended with the trumpet-like voice of Murieta, as he arose from his covert and fired the first shot in that horrible massacre.

What followed can scarcely be described. The walls seemed to vomit forth death to hapless horse and rider alike. One terrible storm of bullets—then came a perfect avalanche of stones and boulders, crushing and maiming man and beast as they thundered down the narrow pass. The screams and groans of agony—oh! they were heartrending! Yet—high above all rose the shrill laugh of the outlaw chief; and then his words:

"Remember my wife—remember my brother!"

Five brief minutes were enough. So complete was the surprise, so deadly the attack, that not a dozen shots were fired by the Man-hunters—and those at random.

Then the smoke arose, the dust settled, and the scene was revealed in all its horror. Words are powerless to limn that picture. Enough that over two score men and horses lay in one mangled heap, dead!

Three-Fingered Jack was among the first to scramble down the rocks. With a snarl of wolfish delight he flung himself upon the horrible heap, cutting and slashing with his knife

at dead and dying alike. A devil in human shape, he fairly revelled in blood.

Joaquin saw one of the figures move, and bent over it. He saw that it was none other than Jack Gabriel, who had twice before tried to kill or capture him, and a bitter smile curled his thin lip. The wounded man's eyes opened, and as he recognized the face bending over him, he tried to draw a weapon. Joaquin dextrously kicked the pistol out of his hand, and calling two of his men, he bade them carry the man into camp. He followed them, leaving his men to plunder their victims at will.

He himself examined Jack's wounds, and then sent for an old woman, who grumblingly dressed them under his own eye. During all this, Gabriel was cursing the outlaws and almost weeping over the sad fate of his comrades in the same breath.

"You are hard on us, senor," quietly said the outlaw. "What could we do? You came to kill us. Be thankful that you are alive."

"I'd rather die than to owe my life to such as you," groaned the wounded miner. "Kill me an' hev done with it—for, by the eternal! I'll kill you ef ever I git a chance!"

At this moment Three-Fingered Jack came up, and as he heard these words, he leaped toward the prostrate figure, his blood-dripping knife ready for work. But Joaquin interfered, sternly ordering the assassin back.

"Let me kill him!" muttered the brute, licking his thick lips, the devil in his eyes. "Hear how he insults you, captain!—do let me touch him up with my knife! He's the one who slashed open my face—it burns like fire—only his heart's blood can cool it now!"

As though unable to control his insane rage, he sprang forward and buried his knife twice to the very hilt in the prisoner's heart, before a finger could be raised to prevent him.

"There—I swore I would—I've rubbed him out!" cried Manuel Garcia, facing Joaquin boldly.

"And by the eternal! I'll kill you for it!" grated Joaquin, cocking his revolver, and covering the murderer.

"Shoot!" boldly cried the assassin, tearing open his shirt. "Shoot! if you have so many friends you can spare me!"

For an instant Joaquin hesitated, his finger upon the trigger. Then the weapon was slowly lowered, without being discharged.

"For this once, then, I spare your life. But look out for the next," he said, coldly, as he turned away from the spot.

CHAPTER XXXI. ZIMRI COUNTS A "COUP."

NEITHER Little Volcano nor Zimri Coon were concerned in the massacre. Though they had kept with Joaquin until the Arroyo Cantura was reached, it was only that the boy miner might be rid of his handcuffs. While following the outlaw, they had decided to leave him at the earliest possible moment, though what course they would then pursue was still doubtful.

Little Volcano accepted the weapons as frankly as they were offered, pressing the outlaw's hand warmly. Zimri Coon was even less scrupulous, and when Joaquin made his remark about the horses, the old miner bluntly replied:

"We're willin' to run the risks of you be, boss. They ain't no need tellin' us as how we don't hanker overly much 'er fallin' into the traps o' Jack Hayes an' his outfit—'twouldn't be healthy. No more need I tell ye that the boys won't lose much time in takin' up your trail, fer I reckon you know them jest as well as I do. 'Lowin' this, then, it 'pears to me the funder we git away from this yere, the better we'll feel, senor, even ef we did stay 'long of you, we couldn't fight ag'inst them."

"I could wish you would stay—just only for the time being, but forever," earnestly replied Murieta. "I know—you would say that this is impossible. Very well; let it drop, then. Only, remember—if ever you feel in need of a stout arm and a true heart, Joaquin Murieta will be only too glad to answer."

"You've done more now than I can ever hope to repay," warmly cried the boy miner. "That's true enough—durned of 'tain't! But you was talkin' 'bout hosses. 'Pears like you've got plenty—more'n you'll ever need; I reckon we'll borrow the loan of a couple."

The outlaw chief bade them take their choice from the rude corral, and when this was done, he had them fitted with bridles, saddles and all accoutrements, ready for the road. After this the leave-taking was brief. Both parties were anxious to be left to their own devices, and mounting, the two miners rode out of the valley, only breathing freely when a mile was put between them and the Arroyo Cantura.

"I reckon we're the only two honest men as ever'll be able to say that!" exclaimed Zimri, emphatically.

"And I hope we have seen the last of them," gloomily rejoined Little Volcano. "Since that day when I first met him, everything has gone wrong with me. Only for him I would not now be a fugitive—an outlaw, thief, assassin, as men will call me! Ah, old man, if you had not been such a faithful friend—if you had thought of yourself, not of me—'twould all be over now. Either I would stand cleared in the sight of men, or all would be forgotten in my grave."

Zimri made no reply, but rode on in silence. He knew that the surest way would be to let his comrade have his thinking spell out once for all, and trust in time for banishing the gloomy visions.

They rode on as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, and put good ten miles between them and the outlaws' retreat ere the waning light warned them to seek a camping place. Their preparations were simple enough. Joaquin had provided them plentifully with cold meat and bread; the weather was warm enough to render them comfortable without the aid of a fire, whose light might attract unfriendly eyes. So, lighting their pipes, they lay upon the greensward beside the spring.

Little Volcano was the first to break the silence.

"Old man," he said, quietly but firmly, "I've been thinking it all over, and I've made up my mind to go and give myself up."

"Not to them fellers!" spluttered Zimri, amazed.

"Yes, I'd rather be shot or hung at once than to have to sneak and dodge from hole to hole, seeing an enemy in every man. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. I'll not let them call me a coward, as well as the rest."

"It'd be clean suicide—you wouldn't stan' the ghost of a chance! No, lad; you must think better of it. You've got more enemies than you think. They're bound to hunt you down, ef you give 'em the first chance. Jest lay low fer a while, an' it'll all blow over."

"To turn up again wherever I may go. No, Zimri; you mean well enough, but you don't know me, yet. I couldn't live such a life. To know that people suspected me of such foul crimes—it would be a living death! No—I

will have it settled one way or another. If the worst comes—well, it won't matter much. They will say it runs in the Fletcher blood. Only—there's one thing I'd like cleared up, first. You remember what I told you, that night, about my brother?"

"An' them pictures—yes," grunted Zimri; then, with sudden excitement, he added: "Why, you don't think he—Crazy Billy—you don't think he's your brother?"

"No—that is impossible. As I told you, he was hung—and buried; I saw them put him into his grave. And yet—those pictures! They are scenes from that—those black days. One face is that of my brother—the other that of Long Tom. Who could have drawn them? Not Long Tom, surely. But there was another man—there were two who swore away his life. Before God! I believe Long Tom and this Crazy Billy are those two men—the ones I have sworn to hunt down and kill, by my murdered brother's blood!"

For some time there was silence. Old Zimri was thinking over this strange story—yet he could not see through the matter. There was something lacking.

Presently Little Volcano again spoke.

"This is what has been troubling me, for so long, old man. I was only a little boy when all this happened, and for years I was kept in ignorance of the truth. I knew that my brother had died—that was all. I was kept at school, and rarely came home. Even then my mother would scarcely allow me out of her sight, and no one dared to speak openly to me before her. But then she died. On her deathbed she told me everything. She had never believed that her favorite, Charley, could be guilty. She told me, too, that the two men by whose evidence he was convicted had fled from justice, only a few months before, having robbed the bank in which they and Charley were employed. She bade me search them out, to never leave the trail until I had found out their guilt or innocence. If they had murdered Charley, to screen themselves, I must avenge him—that was her last legacy. I promised—and she died."

"Then you mean to tackle Crazy Billy first?"

"Yes, I mean to go there to-morrow. I believe I can drag the truth from him, though I don't know exactly how, now. After that—well, when the time comes, 'twill arrange itself."

The conversation lagged from this point, and soon afterward they lay down and slept soundly until day dawned. There seemed nothing to hurry them, particularly, and they ate their simple meal deliberately, both apparently thinking deeply. Zimri Coon it was who first spoke.

"I've been thinking over what you said, lad, last night. I can't make it seem right for you to run your head into that hornet's nest, now. You hain't done nothin' wrong; then why should you ex-ther fellers to wipe you out? Fer that's jest what the hull thing amounts to. They'd string up a angel, jest now, 'er what's happened."

"We've said enough on this point, pard," was the quiet reply. "I'd rather you would drop it, now. We'll never agree, and so where's the use in wasting breath? I'm going to give myself up, and stand the chances."

"You alays was obstinate 'n a double-an'-twisted mule, anyhow!" grumbled Zimri, discontentedly. "I s'pose you'll be wantin' me to coax 'em to lift my skulp—"

"No—I speak only for myself."

"I'm glad of that, fer I wouldn't do it, anyhow," grinned Zimri. "I'm a' old, worn-out cuss, but I va'e my life at a bigger figger than that. But see here. They's one thing I kin do. You think this Long Tom is one o' them two fellers. Ef you kin git any kind o' proof—maybe of Crazy Billy, ef what you consait is so—I'll take him off your hands, anyhow."

"Not while I live—mind that, pard. He is my game, remember. Still—if the worst comes, and they do put me out of the way before I can do my work, then it would comfort me to know that he did not entirely escape."

"That settles it, then!" coolly added Zimri. "If you goes under, I'll settle him—an' that's my hand on it!"

The horses were caught up and saddled, and after a scramble up a high rock point, Zimri settled their course and they rode away in the direction of the hermit's cave. The distance was considerable, the trail rough and at times impassable, necessitating tedious circuits, so that it was late in the day when the travelers found themselves in the vicinity of the cave.

Suddenly Zimri drew rein, and, shading his eyes, peered steadily from beneath his broad palm.

"They's somethin' stirrin' over yonder," he said, slowly. "I see'd somebody or somethin' slip into them bushes. It might be Crazy Billy, or it might be somebody we'd rather not meet jest now. Back out, lad; I reckon we'd better cache our critters ontel we make out the signs."

Little Volcano made no opposition, and retreating until they were hidden from view of the hillside, they dismounted and tethered their horses. Then, looking to his weapons, Zimri cautiously advanced, the boy miner keeping close to his heels.

The old hunter displayed no less caution than skill, pausing for moments behind each rock or bush from which he could peer out upon the ambush. Little Volcano exhibited some impatience, believing that Zimri's eyes had deceived him, and that the object seen was some prowling animal. Still he did not refuse to imitate the old hunter.

"That!" at length muttered Zimri. "Look quick! can't you see the starn end o' some human critter a-pokin' itself outen that bush—the one growin' 'tween that black rock an' the broken-top cedar?"

"Yes—I see! There's mischief going on there, old man, and we must stop it! Crazy Billy is my game!"

"It does look like they was layin' fer somebody, and I reckon we'll take a hand in, es you say. But soft an' easy does it, lad. They may be a dozen varmints thar. You foller me; do jest as I do."

He sunk down on the ground and glided noiselessly along toward the ambush. He meant to reach a little pile of rocks some three score yards from the bushes where the man had exposed himself, then challenge him, and trust to luck for the rest. But the crisis came before the rock-pile was reached.

A little cry from the boy miner guided his eyes. He saw the figure of the hermit, who seemed to be intently watching their progress. Then came the rifle-shot. They saw Crazy Billy stagger and fall. They heard the exultant yell of the murderer, and saw him spring up from his covert.

Zimri Coon leveled his revolver, and fired. Though full one hundred yards away, Sleepy George flung aloft his arms and sprang into the air, with a horrible shriek of agony.

CHAPTER XXXIII. SLEEPY GEORGE REWARDED.

"WHOO-EE!" yelled Zimri Coon, as he sprang

forward. "Threw him cold that time—twur a long—Ge-thunder!"

The abrupt exclamation was extorted from the old hunter's lips by a couple of shots from the line of bushes just beyond that from which Sleepy George had arisen to receive his just reward. The bullets, forced through a rifled chamber, whistled unpleasantly near his ear, and Zimri lost little time in dodging behind a boulder that stood conveniently near, dragging Little Volcano after him.

"Pears like we've run chuck up into a hornet's nest! Keep your eyes peeled, lad—they's no tellin' what dodges them critters'll be up to. Take it easy—"

"There were only two shots fired," muttered the boy miner, peering steadily around his corner; "and there go the fellows who fired them—look!"

Two men were retreating over the rocks and across the valley, making wonderful progress considering the nature of the ground. They were indeed the two comrades of Sleepy George, Cock-eye Waddel and Ham-fat Zack.

Zimri, in accordance with the lessons taught him by a life of savage warfare, was taking considerable trouble to ascertain if the enemy had indeed all fled, when the hot-blooded impatience of Little Volcano cut the matter short. Darting swiftly forward he tore through the line of bushes, with revolver in readiness to drop his game, if flushed. Grumblingly, yet not without a feeling of admiration for the young fellow's recklessness, Zimri rejoined him.

"Look to your meat, old man," muttered the boy miner, as he pressed on to the spot where Crazy Billy lay in a pool of his own blood. With breathless anxiety, he stooped over the prostrate figure, moving it so as to lay bare the hurt. Through the left breast the rifle-bullet had passed, lodging just beneath the skin on his back. Only a close observer could tell that the hermit still lived. The pulse was faint and irregular, his heart barely fluttered beneath the boy miner's hand.

"I reckon he's a gone case," said Zimri, who had approached unheeded. "When you git through, maybe you'd like to take a squint at my meat. It's a' old friyad o' our'n—Sleepy George won't steal no more chips!"

At that moment came an interruption strange and startling indeed. A sharp, clear voice hailed them. They glanced hurriedly up, and beheld the figure of a man standing with a cocked and loaded revolver in each hand.

"You might as well take it easy, boys," the man added. "I've got the drop on you. Before you could touch a weapon, I could bore you through. I don't care about shooting, unless you force it upon me. But I've sworn to take you both—and I'll do it, dead or alive!"

"And you're the only man that can do it, Jack Hayes," coolly replied Little Volcano, never stirring. "Even you couldn't, if we weren't willing. Quick as you are, I could spring under cover of that rock before you could pull trigger—then where would you be?"

"If you try it on, you'll see," laughed the sheriff.

"Don't dare me to, then. Honestly, you are the man of all others whom I most wanted to see. You may not believe it, but I was on my way back to Hard Luck to stand my trial. To prove it, I surrender to you—see!"

As he spoke Little Volcano turned his back upon the sheriff, and, unloosening his belt, cast his weapons into a clump of shrubbery some distance off. At his request, Zimri Coon followed his example, though reluctantly.

"There, captain," added the boy miner. "You see we don't mean to give you more trouble than we can help. You can come down and take possession whenever you like. Only—you must let us attend to this poor devil, first."

Not to be outdone in confidence, Hayes replaced his weapons, and descended from the rocks, limping and still suffering considerably from his bruises. He stood by in silence while the comrades carefully examined the wound of Crazy Billy. Zimri removed the bullet, and bandaged the wound as well as he was able under the circumstances.

"If he recovers 'twill be a miracle," said the sheriff. "I saw it all from the hill yonder, but too late to interfere. Then I recognized you too, and—you know the rest."

"You see me drag one o' your pet witnesses, then," grinned Zimri. "Threw him cold—"

"He kicks lively for a dead man," laughed Hayes, as Sleepy George suddenly attempted to arise, falling back with a hollow groan. "But it may be all the better for you that he was not killed outright. I know that he lied some of the time—maybe we can find out the truth of the matter, now. There's no harm in trying, anyhow."

The bummer closed his eyes with a bitter groan as he recognized the three faces bending over him—probably the three whom he hated and feared more than the whole world besides. They examined his wound. The bullet had entered his left side, between two of the lower ribs. Scarcely any blood stained his clothes. The bullet had left scarcely more trace than would the sting of a wasp.

"He is bleeding inside," whispered Hayes, cautiously. "Whatever we get out of him must be soon. You keep still, and let me manage it in my own way."

The acute spasm of pain passed away, and Sleepy George opened his eyes as Jack Hayes addressed him, sternly.

"You've reached the end of your rope at last, my man. As clear a case of malicious murder as ever I met with—and three good witnesses to prove it, too!"

"He made me—he swore he'd murder me ef I didn't do it," groaned the bummer, his eyes quailing.

"Now see here, George, there's been a good deal of underhand work going on lately, and I believe you can clear it all up, if you choose. I've got the whip-hand of you now, but I don't want to be too hard on you, unless you force it upon me. Tell you what I'll do. If you will tell me all you know—make a clean confession and sign it, I promise you that you shall not hang for this bit of work. I don't say you will escape all punishment, but I do say that I will not lay one finger upon you, nor attempt to bring you to justice in any way. If you refuse, by the heavens above! I will string you up to the nearest tree with my own hands, before the words are cold upon your lips! Now take your choice."

"You ain't playin' no bugs onto me!" asked the wounded assassin, doubtfully. "You mean it?"

"You have my word," was the quiet reply. "I'll do it! He's treated me like a dog, anyway—I don't owe him nothin' but kicks an' cusses! I'll tell the hull story. You take it down, ef you kin, an' let them fellers witness it—that'll cut him wuss'n all!" chuckled the wretch thinking only of his revenge upon his proud, insolent master, little dreaming how rapidly his own life was ebbing, in the absence of pain.

Sheriff Hayes produced a notebook and pencil, putting down the substance of the dying

man's confession as it dropped from his lips. Sleepy George did make a clean breast of it. Not only the story of their treachery and plotting against Little Volcano, but enough else besides to condemn Long Tom to the gallows ten times over. Little Volcano listened breathlessly for a time, but then turned away, sickened and filled with disgust. Life seemed very hollow, then, and not worth the living.

The confession lasted full an hour, and might have run on still longer, but Hayes cut it short as he saw that the bummer was rapidly sinking, though still ignorant of how near he was to death's door. He was lifted up and managed to sign his name, in faint, trembling characters. Hayes and Zimri witnessed the signature, but when they looked around for Little Volcano, he was bending over Crazy Billy, his face pale as death, his eyes widely dilated as he listened to the incoherent mutterings of the hermit.

"I knew it—I told you he was one of them!" said Little Volcano, in a strained voice. "Listen! he is talking of it now! If he could only tell all! He must—he shall not die until I learn the truth—learn who was his comrade. Zimri, you must go for help—there are doctors at Hard Luck. Ride for your life—bring one here if you have to tie him hand and foot!"

"You fergit, lad—" hesitated Coon, with a glance at Hayes.

"That is all past, friend—or will be when you say you bear me no ill-will for doing what I thought was my duty," quickly uttered the sheriff.

"That settles it, then!" cried Coon, exultantly. "I alays said you was a brick, Jack Hayes—shake!"

"You are losing time—and there's none to spare," impatiently cried the boy miner. "What if he should die before you get back—die, and take his secret with him? Go—ride as though the devil and all his imps were at your back! Tell the doctor just what the case is—tell him to bring plenty of stimulants—and make haste, for God's sake!"

"I'll go with you, friend," said Hayes. "It might be unhealthy for you to show yourself in town alone, while they believe all this against you. Come on—"

They saw Sleepy George suddenly rise to a sitting position, his face horribly distorted. He seemed as though trying to speak. One hand clutched fiercely at his throat. Then a yell, so loud, so full of utter despair and horror, parted his lips, only to die away in a choking, gurgling sound, as a stream of clotted blood poured from his mouth. Then his head slowly drooped, he fell over upon his side. A convulsive quiver, then all was over.

"He is dead!" muttered Hayes, not entirely unmoved, despite his long life amid just such scenes.

"You won't git mad an' do him any hurt, will ye, lad?" whispered Zimri, addressing Little Volcano, but an impatient gesture was his only reply.

The two men slowly proceeded down the hillside, Hayes leaning upon Zimri's sturdy arm. Little Volcano sat beside the unconscious hermit, listening to his low-muttered ravings. To most hearers, the words would have seemed empty vagaries, but to the boy miner they were full of a terrible interest. Allusions to a startling crime—of murder and foul treachery of others. At times these ravings grew more connected, and the boy miner hung over the lips of the hermit as though his very life depended upon his hearing every word. At times he moistened Crazy Billy's lips with water from his canteen, yet all the same there was a stern, undying lust for vengeance tearing at his heartstrings, and more than once he had to turn abruptly aside and stop his ears tightly, lest he should spring upon and tear the raving man limb from limb.

One of these absences was longer than the others, and he returned from the struggle with himself, pale and haggard. The wounded man was lying still and motionless. With a sickening fear at his heart, the boy miner sprang forward and knelt beside the hermit's side.

But Crazy Billy was not dead. His eyes slowly opened, and, resting upon the boy miner's face, a puzzled look filled them, but this gradually faded away, while a faint smile played around his lips. Breathless, awe-stricken, Little Volcano bent over to catch the faintly-whispered words:

"Harry—brother—thank God! you have come at last!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 33.)

LOVE'S ENDING.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I cast a lingering look,
But thou art gone,
Thy presence vanished now
Leaves me alone.

Alone with heavy heart,
Of joy bereft,
For the dull empty air
Is all that's left.

A yearning o'er me comes,
And a behest,
To follow waywardly;
Oh! were it best!

Ah, truant one, my heart
Doubts thee anew,
Since with a deep, deep love
I near thee drew.

Oh, if but me didst love!
No look in vain
I would cast longingly,
Nor suffer pain.

A lingering look I cast
To thee no more,
For thy bright presence's spell
And charm are o'er!

HOW HE LOST HIS BRIDE.—The way a Virginia gentleman lost his bride by a flank movement skillfully executed by her, is thus told by the *Petersburg Index*. Thus runs the story: "A gentleman who lives in Henrico county was engaged to be married to a fair and accomplished lady of the county, and yesterday morning was the day fixed for the happy event. Accompanied by his brother, the gentleman came over to this city on Monday, and went down to Wakefield on the evening train. Remaining over night with a friend in the neighborhood, the expectant groom yesterday morning, at the appointed hour, accompanied by his attendants, went to the residence of the lady's parents to claim his bride. To

A SQUARE ACHER.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Alas, why is this precious tooth
So early doomed to fade?
I thought that it would not decay
For many a decade.

It aches as if it owed a grudge;
What can it be about?
And day and night it's on the jump,
And yet it don't jump out.

The peace of my small piece of mind
Is totally destroyed;
If it was gone it would not leave
A very aching void.

If I was cheated out of it
How happy would I be!
I always used to bite with it,
And now it's biting me.

It has more nerve than I have got
I'm very grieved to say,
And frequently I make a start
To try and run away.

They say that every tree is known
Exactly by its fruits;
Oh, what a crop of aches can grow
Upon such little roots!

This tooth is now my enemy,
That long has been my friend;
My agony I can't express,
Though it's at my tongue's end.

So, doctor, set me in your chair,
(Oh, how the aching swells!)
And get your forceps, please, and pull—
A tooth from some one else!

Or tell me if there hasn't been
Some way discovered yet
Whereby this tooth you could pull out
Without once touching it?

I'm not afraid to have it pulled,
And end my pain and sorrow;
But, doctor, when you have more time
To pull it out to-morrow!

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

VI.—THE COBRA-COY, AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.

The next day was a beautiful one, and the Charmer said that he would find elephants and give them their first battle with the giant of the Ceylon forests. They had not yet seen one, although they had heard their tramping in the distance, and the natives at the last village had said that they had just been invaded by a great drove, which had trampled down their fields and caused great destruction. Another man told of a rogue elephant, who had his haunt near where they were now camped, and had killed three men within a month.

What is a rogue?
As among human beings the rogue is not a pleasant character. On the contrary he is a rough, pugnacious individual of his giant race, living a solitary life; and, speaking in the vernacular, "always spoiling for a fight." They will charge anything they may chance to see, and in this jungle such creatures are dangerous, for the assailed man does not know his danger until the huge beast comes crashing out upon him.

There was a rogue, then, in this part of the forest, and they must guard against him, for they could not tell at what time he might take it into his head to charge through their camp, carrying death and terror in his track. There was great preparation for the attack upon the king of the forest; the larger guns were brought out, and the boys prepared for desperate work. They were not prepared to fire thirty or forty bullets into one elephant to bring him down, as some of these African "hunters" do. They knew that the head of the elephant is vulnerable, and that the weapons they bore, if aimed truly, would bring down the giant at a single shot. Moreover, they were brave lads, and although conscious of some little nervousness as they marched out on the track, they determined each to do his part bravely, no matter what might happen.

Modo had long ago yielded the palm to the Charmer in matters of woodcraft, and followed him without jealousy. He knew that this man had spent years in the woods, in the haunt of the elephant and tiger, and strange stories were told of his wonderful power over the beasts of the forest. Some said that they trembled at his slightest word, and obeyed him at a nod. No one believed more firmly in this power than Modo, and while he revered the Charmer as a man far above him, he would have given much to share his power.

They marched at early daybreak, trooping through the forest in Indian file, Abenuh in front, and the coolies bringing up the rear. Some of them were in mortal terror, for a report had passed that the big rogue had been seen on the night before, not far from their camp. A half-hour's march brought them to the stream known as the Dwina-Ora. A deep, beautiful stream, the banks lined with trees of great size, in which monkeys of various shapes and sizes leaped and chattered wildly at the strange apparitions below them. A strange creature started up beside the stream, and looked at them fiercely, clashing its pointed jaws together. A beautiful creature of the lizard species, marked upon the back and sides like the cobra. Her long tongue was thrust out, and brandished like the tongue of a serpent. She might have been eight or nine feet long, and had four short legs, more like fins, as indeed they were when in the water.

"A cobra-coy!" cried Modo, evidently delighted. "She is laying her eggs in the sand, and will fight for them."

"Is she good to eat?" asked Ned.

"Oh, yes; you see."
He caught up a heavy stick and leaped at her. The heavy tail swept the air and drove him back, but immediately he ran in, and struck the queer beast a rap upon the nose. As with most of the lizard tribe, a blow upon this part is fatal, and the cobra-coy was dead. The Cingalese scraped away the sand near where she had stood, and began to pick out the eggs which were buried a little below the surface. He found fifteen, about the size of a goose-egg, with very white shells, and very hard.

"These are her eggs," said Modo. "I will send her back to the camp, and to-night I will make you a soup which is better than turtle."

Two of the coolies lifted the cobra-coy upon their shoulders and ran back to the camp, with orders to join the party again at a certain point on the river. At the place where the cobra was killed was a ford, and they stepped through the water quickly, keeping a sharp lookout for alligators. Dick, who was the last one to cross, stepped upon a log which lay close to the bank, and began to stamp the water from his boots, when the log became suddenly endowed with life, and started for the water at a furious pace. Dick gave one jump, which would have made General Washington turn pale with envy, and alighted on the bank,

just as a big alligator, his jaws clashing together like castnet, plunged headforemost into the stream. Will at once dropped upon the earth, roaring with laughter, as the body of his big brother flew through the air. He was avenged, the adventure in the ant-hill was wiped out now.

"That was a lively log," said Dick, coolly. "I may thank my stars that I did not walk into his jaws. What are you roaring at, Will? did you eat anything disagreeable?"

"No; I was laughing to think—"
"Laughing! I thought you had a cramp, or the colic, or something of that kind. Let's get on."

Will followed, chuckling audibly as they proceeded, for he had been waiting his chance in silence ever since his bad luck of the day before. An hour passed, and they approached the hunting-grounds, a circular glade in the forest, bounded by the river upon half its circumference. The timber was scattered in bunches, and in the open space was a short, green and very sweet grass, upon which the elephant loves to feed. The place was approached by a sort of causeway not more than twenty feet wide, and two hundred yards long. Upon each side of this place was a deep morass, through which it would be impossible for the game to pass.

"Wait," said the Charmer. "Here is the place where we must stand."

A huge teak tree stood close beside the causeway. This tree was hollow, and could be entered by a small opening at the base. The moment Will saw this, he claimed it.

"That will just suit him," said Ned. "He wants to get into a hole with his blamed old Winchester, and take advantage of innocent little elephants."

"Oh, yes," said Will. "But I get the best of you in everything."

"Except in ant-hills," said Richard. "There, don't get mad, Will, but go into your hole, and pull the hole in after you. Now keep quiet, and you will be sure to get a shot. We will go on with Modo and the Charmer."

The captain had a huge elephant gun which he had bought at the Cape, although the boys laughed at it, and called it a mountain howitzer. But the captain cared nothing for their laughing.

"Now see," said the Charmer. "You know the ground, Captain Sawyer, for we have hunted elephants before. You take your bearer and go to the big stone in the bend of the river. They always come by that."

The captain hurried away, followed by his bearer.

"You, Modo," continued the Charmer, "take your young master to the place where the trees have fallen. He will be safe there."

Modo called to Ned and hurried away, and the Charmer was left with Richard and two coolies.

"Give them a little time to get to their places," said Richard. "Where are you going to take me?"

"You are one of those whom I love," said the Charmer, "and I am going to teach you how to hunt the elephant. You have heard it said that it takes many bullets to kill an elephant. Bah! they are fools, and the sons of fools who say so."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall see me stand and kill them with a single ball. You shall do it too, if you dare."

"I wouldn't give a penny for a hunt unless there was some little spice of danger in it," replied the young man. "I am with you, and whatever you do I will try to imitate to the best of my ability."

"You can do no more," said the Charmer. "Let us begin the sport."

The Charmer carried a heavy double-barreled rifle, which he handled like a man who knew its use, and did not fear to trust his life to it. Richard used a breech-loader, considering it by far the most available weapon in any kind of field sports. He had the gun made especially to carry a very heavy ball, for such game as this. It was heavier than the common rifle, and a beautiful weapon. They stepped into the opening and began to cross toward a clump of trees which stood in the center.

"Stand here," said the Charmer, as he stepped among the trees. "I can tell you soon whether there are elephants at the river."

He was gone in a moment and Richard moved slowly along the edge of the clump of timber, when his attention was attracted to a rustling sound amid the leaves over his head. He looked up quickly, and saw a long, plant cylinder wrapped like a snake about a handful of leaves. He had seen that peculiar cylinder too often to entertain a doubt that what he saw was the trunk of an elephant, engaged in feeding upon the leaves of the tree. He could now make out a gigantic body among the leaves. The head was upturned, as we have said, and the flexible trunk hanging down food at a rate which would have made the heart of the keeper of a boarding-stable sick with grief. As yet the elephant had not seen him, and did not suspect his presence, but Richard knew that any attempt to retreat might bring him in range of those small, malignant eyes, and bring a charge upon him when he could not get as good an aim as now. He was satisfied that he could drive a ball into the brain of the elephant from where he stood. While he was in doubt, the face of the Charmer appeared not far away, and Richard knew that if he did not fire now he might never have a chance. His rifle was already cocked, and he brought it to his shoulder quietly, and took good aim. The giant towered above him, a monster ten feet high at the shoulder, his great yellow tusks, of ponderous size, piercing the leaves as he raised his head. Twice Richard removed his rifle, not satisfied with his aim, and at the third attempt his finger touched the trigger. He did not turn to run, but with a presence of mind scarcely to be looked for in so young an elephant-hunter, darted into the woods, passing so close to the side of the stricken elephant that he did not see him. The creature uttered a shrill trumpet of pain, and charged madly out into the open space, blind with rage. But he had not taken a dozen steps when he stopped, his trunk drooped, and he fell dead in his tracks, the first elephant bagged in that campaign.

"Good shoot, good shoot," cried the Charmer. "I have nothing to teach you. The best hunter in Ceylon could not have done it better. This way, this way."

They ran through the woods rapidly, and as they reached the edge a herd of seven elephants came up from the river at a rapid but awkward pace, rolling along over the broken ground toward the opening by which they entered the feeding-ground. In doing this, they must pass by the point of the thicket in which the two hunters stood.

"Come out boldly," cried the Charmer. "You are brave, and need not fear."

They darted out together, and as the herd caught sight of them they changed their course, running toward that part of the opening in which Dave Sawyer was hidden. But two great bulls, tossing their trunks in the air,

charged the two hunters boldly. The Charmer cocked both barrels of his rifle and ran toward them, trumpeting fiercely, with his head high in the air and his shrill note sounding out defiantly. The Charmer brought his rifle to his shoulder and gave him one barrel in the same spot at which Richard had aimed. The giant staggered a little but kept on, and was almost above the hunter when the second shot was fired, this time with deadly effect, and the elephant came down to his knees with his trunk upon the ground. A moment more and he rolled over on his side and lay motionless, the blood welling from the ghastly wounds in his head. The Charmer threw his rifle forward to load when he heard the crack of a rifle, and looking up quickly saw Richard in danger. He had waited for the charge of the elephant as before, but just as he pulled the trigger a heavy leaf which dropped from the tree over his head fell upon the barrel of his gun. It was not much, but enough to destroy his aim, and although the ball struck the elephant in the jaw, it only enraged him, and he charged straight at the almost unarmed young man. In his desperation Richard drew his revolver, and commenced firing at the knees of the monster. The shots told, but of course had little effect upon the huge beast. Scarcely ten yards separated them, when, to the horror of Richard, the Charmer, unarmed, darted between him and the furious beast, and raising his hand in a lofty and commanding gesture, shouted out some words in his native language, delivered in a lofty tone of command. At the same time his burning eyes caught those of the elephant, who slackened his pace, and as the Charmer shouted again, paused irresolutely. Richard remembered what he had heard of the wonderful power of this man over the beasts of the forests, but had not believed it until now. The Charmer spread out his hands and advanced boldly, again thundering out a sentence in Hindostanee. The elephant faltered and began to step backward, and as the gallant Hindoo still advanced, he turned suddenly and fled as if a hundred demons were at his heels!

"This is my power," said the Charmer, pointing to the flying beast. "Even the king of the forest must bow to my will."

Richard pressed his hand in silence, and they turned back, just as the report of a rifle was heard from the spot where the captain was seated on his rock.

Inez's Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE big, old-fashioned kitchen, with its sand-floored, and long, snow-white pine table, its five muslin draped windows, its rows of silver-shining tins, its leaping fire that crackled in the immense open fireplace—made a pleasant picture to see that cold winter night, and Rufus Granger, the tall, good-looking farmer's son, thought, as he took off his mittens and looked around the warm, cozy room, that the prettiest picture of all was his gentle-faced, gray-haired old mother, who sat knitting in the shining corner—and Inez, with her Spanish face and dainty, high-bred, foreign ways.

She was a picture—and a mystery. A picture with her scarlet lips so perfectly modeled, with her pure, darkly pale complexion, with her dusky hair full of purple shadows where the firelight gleamed, with her passionate eyes, where smoldering flame slept, and the heavy-lashed lids drooped demurely over them—demurely, because Inez was only a girl of fourteen, who had not yet awakened to a sense of her capabilities or a knowledge of her wondrous beauty.

A mystery from the hour when old grandfather Granger had found her nestling on her dead mother's breast among the cold wet leaves of a November night, nearly fourteen years ago, to this November night, the fourteenth anniversary of her welcome into and adoption by the Grangers, whose joys she had tasted, share and share alike, whose troubles she had known and endeavored to lighten, to whom, father, mother, son, she had proved a very jewel, and the light of the dear old home.

Rufus Granger drew his chair a little more into the shadow of the corner, and looked at the girl, as she sat, with a luxurious ease and repose of manner, beside the white pine table, her cheek resting on her small, perfect hand, from which the homely woolen sleeve fell away, disclosing the exquisite wrist and arm.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, with his secret in his grave, honest eyes—the secret of his life ever since he could remember—his silent, absorbing love for the dark-haired, smiling-mouthed, wayward girl, who as little suspected her waywardness as the passion she inspired.

Now, as he looked at her, so sweet, so gracious in her sweetness, Rufus Granger wondered if the time ever would come when, in his judgment, he could speak his heart to her; wondered, with great thrill of hurting pain, if the time would not soon come when this young eaglet would tire of the restraints of the dove-nest, and bid defiance to her keepers, and fly away where he would lose her.

And right into that painful, bitter fear, old Mrs. Granger's placid, motherly voice came, addressing the ardent-faced girl at her drawing-book.

"It's just fourteen years ago to-night, dear, since father found you. Did you remember it was the anniversary?"

Inez's dark eyes flashed a loving gleam on the calm, sweet face.

"Forget? Could I ever do that while I have my reason?"

Such an exquisite voice she had—wonderful for the girl she was, and its low, liquid music made Rufus Granger's heart leap.

"We were thinking—father and I—dear, that it was high time you commenced at whatever business you intend to follow. Don't you think so, Inez?"

The girl's face lighted to smiling brilliancy, and she cast a look of conscious delight at Rufus, that he returned with one of glad appreciation.

"Indeed, I do think so; I have wanted so long to be about my—business," you called it."

Her gay, girlish laugh seemed of another world from the laugh of other girls.

"Because," Mrs. Granger went on, "I saw Miss Mehetable Ferguson this afternoon, and she's ready and willing to take you to learn the tailoring business—and there's nothing equal to being a first-rate vest and pants-maker—plenty of work, and good pay."

Busy over her gleaming, clicking needles, Mrs. Granger did not see what Rufus did—the look of dismay, and rebellion, and disgust that darkened the bright, debonair face; but she looked up at the quick, impulsive answer.

"The tailoring trade! Oh! not that! I never could do such work—never—Could I, Rufus?"

He knew her heart was almost stopping its

beats—he knew that the girl felt that the prospect of such a life was like threatening a strong-winged young eagle with the chain of a hawk—her—the young girl the horror and repulsiveness of his mother's words conjured for this headstrong, wayward, brave-hearted girl, who would never brook restraint or routine.

He made no answer to her impetuous entreaty, but his earnest, sympathetic look satisfied her into silence, while Mrs. Granger went on, as she rolled her blue yarn sock into a neat ball, and arose to wind the big clock in the corner.

"That's all nonsense, Inez; you can just as well learn to do tailoring as make pictures. Rufus—tell your father it's time for prayers, will you?"

And so the matter ended with Mrs. Granger, while Inez went off to her room with widely open eyes, and strange unrest at her heart.

And the next morning, when Mrs. Granger went to call her to breakfast, and the old gentleman and Rufus waited in the big cheery kitchen, instead of the inspiring face of the girl, and the gay, rich tones of her merry, laughing "good-morning," there came a penciled note of doom that darkened the old homestead for many a day; Inez had gone out into the world, where her beloved talent, her genius-laden fingers, should redeem her in their own charming way from the unbearable routine work that waited her in the dear old home.

There were words of ardent love, and intense gratitude, and pleadings for forgiveness and remembrance; only words, only pleadings, instead of the girl.

And Rufus Granger's face took on a weary, patient pain that never left it, night or day, winter or summer.

Old Mrs. Granger sat on the broad stone step by the kitchen door, her withered hands slowly—pitifully it seemed—knitting on her shining needles; her sweet, grimed face bent thoughtfully over her work, and only occasionally raising her dim, patient eyes to the bristled little woman who was chatting away her harmless gossip.

"It seems a shame, and I told my John so, to think o' Squire Ellinworth payin' a thousand dollars for a picture not more'n two foot square—and to a woman, too—one o' your loud, black-eyed creatures at that, for we all seen her—payin' such an outrageous price for a red and blue and yellow picture, and the next mornin' turnin' round and foreclosin' the mortgage on you! I declare, Mrs. Granger, I think if ever the Lord ought to punish a man, it's Squire Ellinworth!"

Mrs. Granger smiled a forlorn, tender little smile.

"It seems very hard on us, Mrs. Moore, but nobody can blame the squire for buying the painting we hear so much about. He is a rich man and can well afford it."

"Then why can't he afford to let you have another year to pay off the mortgage? I've no patience left—and then that high-falutin' creature what made the picture goes a-flyin' about with her silk dresses a-trailin', and her diamonds a-glitterin', and as thick as peas in a pod with them rich folks. What business has she got to have all the money and things, and you and the old man and Rufus a-killin' yourselves to lift the mortgage?"

"Rufus would call you a communist, Mrs. Moore, if he heard you. And—please don't let's talk any more about the painting, for it makes me think of our little Inez, and how she had such a talent for drawing, and how I encouraged her she wouldn't have gone off—maybe she might have been here and helped us to-day, instead of being a stranger for two long, long years."

The tears stood in the dear old eyes, and then the old man came up, white, weary, and leaning heavily on his cane.

"The squire has sent for you and I to go up to the house, mother. Rufus has been there these two hours, ever since they came for him, and now, I suppose we've got to—give it—up, at once. Get ready, mother, and we'll go, while neighbor Moore keeps the house. We won't be an hour gone. Come, mother, the sooner it's over the better."

He was trying so nobly to be brave and cheery, but it was a pitiful attempt, and Mrs. Granger's hot tears were dropping from her heart—and old eyes as she rode along in the old-fashioned little wagon—even when Rufus met them at the door of the grand house, with a look on his face and a tone in his voice that almost terrified his mother, so strange, so deadly calm, so—so—bewildering.

"You're to come in here, mother and father. And be prepared—for anything. I will join you in a minute."

And he ushered them in a little room, where a stately, splendid woman, in gleaming cardinal silk and glancing jewels stood, with her dark eyes flooded with happy tears, and her dark Spanish face eloquent with love and proud triumph.

"Mother—mother, dear old mother! and father—do you know me? You remember Inez?"

And, struck dumb with keen, painful bewilderment, the two old people stood, until it came freely to them that their long-lost darling was before them.

"I wanted to see you so often—oh, so often, mother darling—but I would not come until I had earned the name and the fame and the fortune I set out determined to earn. I have been so homesick for you both and for—Rufus—but I heard of you every little while, and knew you were well. But now I've come back again!"

"And come back to be God's special messenger of mercy and happiness."

It was Rufus's grand voice that spoke, low, intense with emotion; Rufus's grand face, pale with agitation, his eyes flooded with a great, glorious rest; he went on, ardently:

"She has come back to bless us all—with the price of the painting just hung in Mr. Ellinworth's gallery she has liquidated all claims against the old homestead, and the dear old place is yours forever—a gift from her. But, better, better than all is—she has come back to me, mother, father"—his voice grew husky, and quivered with intense emotion as he looked at Inez's sweet, flushed face. "Inez has promised I may give her own precious self to you for a daughter—a true, real daughter, my own darling wife!"

And that was the story of Inez.

Tales of the Indies.

CHASED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

BY YAM.

"I'll take 'that bet every time," said Ned Trysall, as we leaned over the bows, watching the flying-fish, who, chased by the "benitos," rose in schools from the smoothly-undulating sea.

It was a dead calm. We had no steerage-way on the vessel, and, being Saturday afternoon,

we, as usual, had the time to ourselves. After a bath, and a half-hour at the wash-tub, we had lighted our pipes, and the weather being favorable, were discussing the art of swimming, which culminated in "Joe the dago" offering to bet his week's allowance of grog against Ned's, that he could beat the latter in a trial of skill, twice around the lazy vessel.

"I'll take that bet every time, Joe."

Ned and Joe lost no time, and as we were in the tropics, simply wore their linen pants and open shirts. They took off the latter, and we selected a starter and judge.

Bets were offered and taken freely, and it was an open question as to who would come off second best.

The sailmaker had been selected judge, and the boat's mate was to be starter.

"Ready!" asked the boat's mate.

"Ay, ay," returned Ned and Joe.

"Away, swimmers."

They struck the water simultaneously and struck out manfully. Ned was a fathom ahead of his opponent on the first round.

The boys cheered loudly: "Go in, Ned," "Hurrah for the port watch," "Good boy," but on the second round the "dago" had the lead, and although Ned put on a big "spurt," he was beaten by a length.

"Return match! I claim a return match," gasped Ned, who, now warmed to his work, felt exasperated at his non-success.

"All right," laughed Joe, as he threw away an old quid and asked a bystander for another; "fire away."

The interest increased as a tall, raw-boned Scotchman signified his intention of joining in the race.

"Stand by," sung out the boatswain.

"Stand by it is," said all three.

"Away, all!" They sprang together.

The Scotchman "weakened" first round, and came aboard amid the jeers and ridicule of the crew.

On the second round, when both were doing their level best, and using their utmost endeavors, "Sails" saw approaching from the land a large alligator; he had at first taken it for a log or part of a wreck, but now the jaws were distinctly visible, and he was scudding toward the swimmers at the "rate of knots."

They were too intent upon outswimming each other to notice surrounding objects, and were totally unconscious of their danger.

"Swimmers, ahoy!" yelled "Sails."

"Hullo!" gasped Joe.

"Come aboard! Alligators."

Ned and Joe now swam in toward the vessel; the men on deck rushed to the main chains and threw them two ropes, while seven or eight others cast off the lashings of the port quarter-boat.

"Stand by to lend a hand, boys," said Sails.

"Lower away your boat, men!" ordered the boat's mate.

The mate ran below for his rifle.

By superhuman efforts Joe had now reached the first rope and was hauled upon deck, totally exhausted.

The boat was by this time manned and pulled toward Ned.

The alligator was close upon him; he dived repeatedly but was too much exhausted to remain under water long.

"Pull, boys, pull for your lives!" said the third mate who steered the boat.

The chief officer fired twice but missed the reptile's eye, and the bullets flattened themselves against the hard, horny scales of its upper jaw.

"Good God!" said Sails, "he is lost."

It was too true. At that moment there arose a cry of horror from the hoarse throats on deck and in the boat.

The alligator seized poor Ned by the leg, close to the hip.

There was a sickening snap and the waters were covered with his life-blood.

"At this moment the boat arrived and a dozen hands outstretched to drag the quivering body of the unfortunate sailor into the boat."

The alligator, after snapping in two the blade of an oar, made for the land.

Our poor shipmate had swooned from loss of blood, and the intense agony he was suffering, and was laid on deck to have his wounds examined.

Nothing could be done but bandage up the stump and administer stimulants. The weather was sultry and hemorrhages commenced immediately. We had no ice, and in three short hours Ned was a discolored, putrid corpse.

Joe had won both bets.

That night the forecastle was a dull, sad place for the usually jolly and merry crew. Ned's failings were forgotten and his good qualities extolled by those who had made more than one voyage with him. He was a generous, whole-souled messmate, a thorough seaman and a staunch friend.

The sailmaker sewed up the ghastly remains in a canvas hammock, placed a shot at the feet, and draped the stars and stripes over the bier.

Next day he was to be buried. From ten to half-past the bell was tolled for service. All hands, except the quartermaster at the wheel, attended.

The skipper himself conducted the preliminary services, which by a few remarks of his own he made very impressive. As we left the cabin to commit the corpse to the deep, the rain fell in torrents and it commenced to blow a gale.

By the time we were ready the ship rocked and pitched terribly. The crested billows looked awfully grand. The rain ceased and the sun shone out in all its glory as the corpse slid slowly and